PART TWO

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

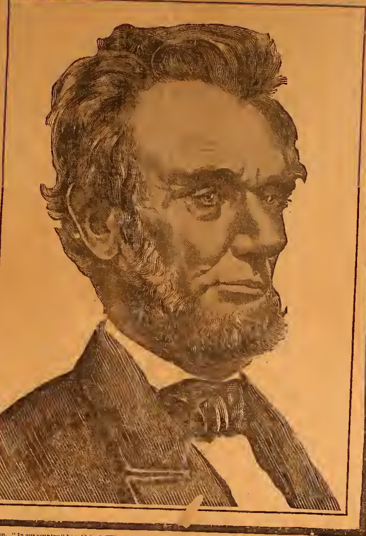
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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1900—SIXTEEN PAGES.

PATRIOTIC SUPPLEMENT NO 4.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN



LINCOLN DAY OBSERVANCES IN CHICAGO.

Fifteenth Annual Banquet of The Marquette Club

In celebration of the

Ninety-first Birthday Anniversary of

..ABRAHAM LINCOLN..

The Auditorium Hotel, Monday, February Twelfth, Nineteen hundred.

☆☆☆

TOASTS.

President's address....Henry B. Wickersham
"Abraham Lincoln".....George E. Adams
"The Progress of Republicanism in the South".............D. L. Russell
"The Conservative Character of Lincoln"........................Murat Halstead
"The Coming Contest".......J. K. Cubbison
"The Union Lincoln Loved"..........................James T. McCleary
"The Destiny of Our Country"..................................Bartlett Tripp

Grand Army Hall and Memorial Association

MEMORIAL SERVICES

IN HONOR OF

..ABRAHAM LINCOLN..

At Eleven O'Clock A. M.,

Monday, February Twelfth.

☆☆☆

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Invocation...Chaplain Arthur Edwards, D. D.
Battle Hymn of the Republic..........................Captain Charles F. Matteson
Presentation of Miss Pauline A. Dohn's copy of Healy's oil portrait of Abraham Lincoln by Fred M. Blount on behalf of Maurice Rosenfeld, the donor.
Remarks....................By John S. Miller
Hymn, "Kipling's Recessional"...........
Address..................Dr. William Jayne
Address................Judge Simeon P. Shope
Reception of portrait on behalf of the association.....................By the President
Hymn, "America"..........By the audience

CHRONOLOGY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Feb. 12, 1809—Born near Hoddensville, Ky.
1817—Removed to southern Indiana with parents.
1818—Death of his mother, Nancy Hanks Lincoln.
1820—Sarah Bush Lincoln became his step mother.
1825—Ended his school days at Pigeon Creek, Ind.
1830—Removed to a farm near New Salem, Ill.
1832—Captain in Black Hawk war.
1832—Defeated for the Legislature.
1833—Engaged in business at New Salem.
1836—Elected to the Legislature.
Nov. 4, 1842—Miss Mary Todd and Mr. Lincoln married at Springfield.
1844—Active part in the Henry Clay campaign.
1846—Elected to Congress.
1854—Unsuccessful candidate for United States Senate; Lyman Trumbull elected.
1856—Acknowledged leader of the new Republican party in Illinois.
1858—Campaign with Douglas for United States Senate; again defeated.
1860—Nominated for President by Republican party and elected.
March 4, 1861—Inaugurated President of the United States.
April 12, 1861—First gun fired at Fort Sumter.
Jan. 1, 1863—Emancipation proclamation.
July 2, 3, and 4, 1863—Battle of Gettysburg and surrender of Vicksburg.
1864—Reëlected President.
March 4, 1865—Inaugurated for the second time.
April 9, 1865—Appomattox.
April 14, 1865—Assassinated.

VIEWED BY BIOGRAPHER.

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY.

Abraham Lincoln was born on Feb. 12, 1809, in a log cabin on a secluded farm in the then new State of Kentucky. It is an interesting coincidence that just nine days before this event an act of Congress was signed by President Jefferson organizing the Territory of Illinois; so closely was the birth of that great State followed by the birth of her most illustrious statesman. Almost exactly half a century later the boy born in that log cabin was elected President of the United States. Why did the choice fall on this man for this great office among the millions of his fellow-citizens? Clearly it was not accident, nor cut-and-dried machine politics, nor inherited rank, nor military glory. The answer must be sought in the material growth and animating spirit of the American people, of whose growth and spirit he was the true type and representative, and became the best qualified and most trusted leader.

At the date of Lincoln's birth only four States had been added to the original thirteen of the American union. At his election the number had been increased by eighteen. In addition to these four, and his official proclamation as President added Nevada, the nineteenth. At the date of his birth there was not a steamboat west of the Alleghanies, and in that year the first steamboat that ever touched salt water was brought out of the Hudson River around by sea into the Delaware. During the fiscal year in which his election occurred there was built in America an average of nearly one steamboat every day, while before the end of his official term 500 United States war steamers guarded the Atlantic coast and plowed the distant seas. In the year of his birth there was not a mile of railroad in America. In the year of his election 30,000 miles gridironed the United States, and in the second year of his term his official signature to the Pacific railroad act authorized the construction of a line of 1,900 miles to complete a connected chain from New York to San Francisco. In the year of his birth the people numbered 6,000,000 whites and 1,000,000 slaves. In the year of his election they had grown to 27,000,000 whites and 4,000,000 slaves.

Growth of the Man.

These few points of retrospect vividly call up the material changes of the nation over which he was chosen to preside. If now we count the decades of his career, we shall find as interesting a summary of his own growth and progress in preparation for the unprecedented duties before him. When he was 10 years old he was a pioneer boy in Indiana, with an ax put into his hands to begin the coarse labor of changing the wilderness to civilization, varied by the merest fractions of time spent in sitting on the rough split log benches of a log cabin schoolhouse conquering the primary lessons of "Webster's Elementary Spelling Book." When he was 20 he had just returned from a trip of 1,000 miles to New Orleans, where he was sent to assist a single companion, probably of about his own age, to navigate a flatboat and sell its cargo of farm produce. When he was 30 he was at the new capital of the new State of Illinois, serving his third term in the Legislature, having in the meanwhile made himself the idol of the people of New Salem by faithful citizen duty as retail merchant, village postmaster, deputy county surveyor, and Captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. At 40 he was just ending his service of one term in Congress with the unofficial and popular rank of party leader who had borne recognized service in the nomination and election of President Taylor, whose privilege it was to ask for Illinois a fair share of executive patronage, and whose standing justified him in declining the Governorship of Oregon.

At this point in his career he counted himself "an old man," and laid aside political ambition for the more alluring quiet and professional profit that reward the talent and industry of a great lawyer. But the fates willed otherwise. Ten years more elapsed, and in 1859, when his years counted half a century, he had just rounded up nearly an average lifetime of public service and party work with the most memorable oratorical duel and the most significant political controversy that has occurred in American history—the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858.

It will thus be seen that Abraham Lincoln was a typical emanation of American life. Into the fabric of its marvelous material growth was woven the work of his hands. From its spiritual aspirations came the glowing fire of his patriotism. He had helped to fell its forests, survey its roads, defend its frontier, enact its laws. He was literally a man of the people, who could think their thoughts and express their will.

Debate with Douglas.

In a narrow and local sense the debate between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas was a contest to decide which one of the two men should be elected United States Senator by the Illinois Legislature to be chosen in November, 1858. But in a national sense it had a much broader and deeper meaning and effect. It was certain to have an influential share in the final decision of the great national controversy, whether or not future slave States should be added to the union. The controversy was then already in its fifth year. In it during that whole period Lincoln had borne a conspicuous part, and his genius had lifted the discussion from a question of property to a question of fundamental right; from the low level of a Cabinet conspiracy to a problem of national destiny. "Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it," said he, "and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its adherents will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South."

On the moment he encountered disappointment and defeat. Douglas was elected Senator. But Lincoln was not discouraged. "The fight must go on," he wrote. "The cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even 100 defeats." And in another letter, "I am glad I made the late race. It gave me a hearing on the great and durable question of the age, which I could have had in no other way, and, though I now sink out of view, and shall be forgotten, I believe I have made some marks which will tell for the cause of civil liberty long after I am gone."

He also clearly defined the "durable question of the age." "Never forget," he said, "that we have before us this whole matter of the right or wrong of slavery in this union, though the immediate question is as to its spreading out into the new Territories and States." And the right or wrong of slavery he reduced to a few single axioms. "God Almighty has given every man one mouth to be fed, and one pair of hands to furnish food for that mouth, without being interfered with by any other man." "This is a world of compensation, and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and under a just God cannot long retain it."

In stating these axioms Mr. Lincoln did not demand the immediate abolition of slavery. "I suppose it may long exist," he said, "and, perhaps, the best way for it to come to an end peacefully is for it to exist for a length of time." "I do not suppose that in the most peaceful way ultimate extinction would occur in less than 100 years at least, but that it will occur, in the best way for both races, in God's own good time, I have no doubt." But he asked the national judgment on it, that "we should in every way resist it as a wrong, with the fixed idea that it must and will come to an end."

Lincoln as President.

Upon that idea Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President, and by his election in November, 1860, the American people decided the practical question that there should be no more slave States. In the mature judgment of the Southern leaders also this decision meant the eventual end of slavery. Rather than permit the decision to stand, they immediately proclaimed secession and began civil war; and Vice President Stephens justified the desperate step by frankly declaring that the new government of the Confederate States was built upon slavery as its corner stone.

The four years of civil war between brothers of the same blood and the same religion, of equal courage and equal constancy, from Jefferson Davis' order to reduce Fort Sumter to Lee's surrender at Appomattox, was a magnificent drama of national trial and national triumph. Measured by historical comparisons, considering its gigantic field, its millions in arms, and its hundred great battles, the conflict was short, gauged by the intensity of passion it evoked, the magnitude of the sacrifice it involved, and the momentous political transformation it wrought, it bridged a century of civilization. Over this great drama Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of its army and navy, held the reins of final authority, and, within limits prescribed by the constitution, could speak the word of final command. With what singleness of purpose, with what prudence and wisdom, with what fidelity to the constitution and obedience to law he wielded this great power, with what success he accomplished the great task laid upon him, how, under his official guidance slavery was abolished and the union maintained, this sketch does not afford the space to relate in detail.

Now that the great conflict by the lapse of time has receded into a clearer historical perspective, we can see how correct was the intuition of the American people in choosing Lincoln to guide the nation through that terrible crisis. The vicissitudes of his varied career, the lessons of his hard struggle from obscurity to fame, the stern drill he underwent in patience and self-denial were invaluable in enabling him to comprehend and meet the quick change and startling novelty of administrative problems. He had to deal with the impulses of hot passions and the sudden events of revolution. For this duty he was gifted with an unusual steadiness of thought and a rare calmness of judgment. His training in party politics taught him that first of all he must unite the people of the North, who, even at his inauguration, were still sadly divided. That he accomplished by his skillful management of the Sumter crisis. His second triumph was securing to the union the adhesion of the border slave States. This was scarcely achieved when there arose the serious issue of military emancipation, prematurely started by Fremont and inconsiderately repeated by Hunter. That danger he turned aside by his masterful letter to Horace Greeley. Analyzed by the trenchant sentences of that famous manifesto the slavery question shrank to the dimensions of a petty factional wrangle in comparison with the high national duty of saving the union.

Freedmen in the Army.

Meanwhile, the sudden vicissitudes of war created the military necessity under which the constitution warranted the Commander-in-Chief in striking down slavery within the field of rebellion by a sweeping military edict. With consummate statesmanship he eased the apparent harshness of the blow, first by the tender of compensation to States that would relinquish slavery, and, secondly, by allowing a full hundred days' grace within which the revolted States might save their institution by returning to allegiance. It is not likely that he expected any confederate State would accept this liberal offer of forgiveness, but it completely disarmed conservative opposition in the free and border States to the final proclamation. In this final proclamation again, President Lincoln took another step forward, by announcing that the slaves it emancipated would be received into the armed service of the United States. That measure, heretofore hotly discussed and loudly denounced, was now rendered endurable, and no longer seriously questioned, since the people began to understand that every negro soldier enlisted would serve to reduce the draft then plainly impending and to which the government had already been compelled in part to resort during the previous autumn.

One leading characteristic of Lincoln's statesmanship was his thorough comprehension and high appreciation of the potency of public opinion. "In our country," he said, in one of his speeches, "public opinion is everything. He who molds public opinion goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He enables statutes and decisions to be executed." In a degree unapproached by any other American President, Lincoln possessed the popular intuition that enabled him to time his acts, and the logic to formulate his explanations and appeals that reconciled those acts to the gradually maturing public sentiment. It was this rare intuition, coupled with his rigid adherence to the spirit of the constitution and the letter of the law within the just limits of executive interpretation, that maintained the public opinion which voted him authority, men, and money; which filled the ranks with volunteers; which welcomed taxation and endured the draft; which kept a million soldiers in the field and brought billions into the Treasury; which reëlected him to a second term, and, by a two-thirds vote of Congress, enacted the Thirteenth amendment, utterly abolishing the institution that had caused the war.

His Burden of Care.

There is a wide difference between the feelings of those who read history and those undergoing the experiences of making history in positions of great responsibility. We cannot adequately picture to ourselves the constant burden of keen anxiety borne by President Lincoln and often heightened to periods of terrible suspense. No one would desire to face a state of affairs, bluntly but forcibly expressed by his comment on the stagnation of military movements during the winter of 1861, when McClellan was sick and Halleck and Buell were without plans and prospects, that "If something were not soon done the bottom would be out of the whole affair; and if General McClellan did not want to use the army he would like to borrow it, provided he could see how it could be made to do something." But he neither lost courage nor faith. In the yet more trying ordeal of the reverses before Richmond, when General McClellan sent Stanton his despairing and insubordinate report indicating the possibility of losing his entire army, the President wrote to Seward, to be confidentially shown to the Governors, that memorable announcement of inflexible purpose: "I expect to maintain this contest until successful or till I die or am conquered or my term expires or Congress or the country forsake me." That was the firm hand of the pilot in the storm. The deliberation of judgment and self-possession with which he patiently corrected the deficiencies and encouraged the capabilities of his Generals is well illustrated in his letter to General Hooker: "I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those Generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship." That was the voice of a President sure of his power. "You were right, and I was wrong," he frankly acknowledged to Grant after Vicksburg; and some months later wrote to Halleck that if Meade would attack on equal terms "with all the skill and courage which he, his officers, and men possess, the honor will be his if he succeeds, and the blame may be mine if he fails."

Towards the Man in the Ranks.

Especially did his heart go out to the soldier in the ranks. He said at a sanitary fair in Philadelphia: "Say what you will, after all the most is due to the soldier who takes his life in his hands and goes to fight the battles of his country." To the Vallandigham committee he put the pertinent question: "Must I shoot a simple minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?" He was as ready to pardon the sentinel overcome by sleep on his post as to forgive the General who had lost a campaign. And standing before the Executive Mansion in Washington he said to a volunteer regiment passing in review: "I happen temporarily to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has." Even in advance of the generation of which he made this prophecy it is already fulfilled by the brilliant administrations of Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Harrison and McKinley.

It is difficult to outline the grand events of the American civil war without seeming to fall into language of extravagance, so vast were the proportions of its territorial area, the numbers of its combatants, the sums of its finances, the significance and portent of its political and moral issues. Still more difficult is it to merely enumerate in brief the personal qualities and virtues of the great President, whose genius and will dominated and directed the mighty transaction without appearing to indulge in overwrought eulogy. A simple dry catalogue of words, calling him patriotic and wise, courageous and patient, just and magnanimous, lacks that element of completeness, that play of action and incident, that detail of portraiture, that alone lend reality and life to the sketch. He would seem out of place set up as a cold and silent marble statue in a distant temple of fame. His life, his service, his example, belong in the full multiplied activities and the fresh new conquests of the present. His daily walk and conversation form that admirable combination of intense realism and high ideals that still in our day, as it did in his, constitutes the average character of the "plain people," as he correctly called them, of the United States. He would not wish to be, they would not consent to have him, separated from them in memory by an abstract hero worship. They want still to greet him as their familiar friend, to feel the inspiring glow of his vigorous thought, to hear the sentences that fell from his lips with the strength of new-coined proverbs.

It is no wonder that the people learned to call him "Father Abraham." He always kept open to them a way of easy approach. There were, of course, certain hours when he could only receive the higher officers of the government, his Cabinet, Senators, members of Congress, Generals, Governors, and other dignitaries who came on pressing public business. Sometimes there were days, or even a week or two, when he had a message to Congress to write, or when exciting news was coming from some great battle, that he would be obliged to deny himself to all but a few. But with such exceptions, throughout the whole four years of his Presidency, he made it a point to devote an hour or two every day to set wide the door of the Executive office, and permit every one to come to him high or low, who had a request to make or an errand to bring to his notice.

Of course he could neither help nor satisfy all. But he could, and did, listen patiently to every trouble and need, and if no more, give at least a word of comfort or advice; always with uniform courtesy, sincere good will, and heartfelt sympathy. Some critics believed this to be a waste of time and dignity, but Mr. Lincoln knew that it was not only the better, but also the wiser plan. Being the most natural, it was for him the easiest manifestation of his real character. He was always gentle and never severe; always helping and never hindering; always anxious to praise and never to blame; always eager to reward and sorry to punish. Throughout the long and difficult years of his administration, through all the changing events of the war, vibrating as it did from victory to defeat, and from defeat to victory, he remained ever cheerful, ever hopeful, ever generous; his heart always open to the appeals that came to him from the needy and the suffering. No other President of the United States ever had such a hold upon popular affection, nor so completely retained the gratitude of his friends or won the hearts of his enemies.

Of Abraham Lincoln it may be said that no college of arts had opened to his struggling youth. He was a railsplitter, a country lawyer, practicing in many counties; he sat with his associates of the bar about the country tavern, or the country store, and exchanged stories. Yet in all these conditions and associations he was a leader—at the railsplitting, at the bar, and in the story-telling.

Most kind in speech and most placid in demeanor, and yet disturbing the public peace by his insistence that those theories of human rights which we had all so much applauded should be made practical.

A man not obstinate, but one who was under an inability to surrender a truth that his mind approved.

In the broad, commonsense way in which he did small things, he was larger than any situation in which life had placed him.

He was distinguished from the abolition leaders by the fairness and kindliness with which he judged the South and the slaveholder.

He loved the plain people, but not with a class love.

He had the love of the masses, but he won it not by art or trick.

Today he stands like a great lighthouse to show the way of duty to all his countrymen and to send afar a beam of courage to those who beat against the winds.

BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Ex-President of the United States.

[Extracts from Mr. Harrison's speech on Lincoln before the Marquette club on Feb. 12, 1893.]

FIRST SPEECH IN CONGRESS.

General McClernand Tells of Lincoln's Introduction in the House—Interview with Union Congressman from the South—Tribute of Former Opponent.

I became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln in 1836 at Vandalia, then the capital of Illinois. A measure was pending in the Legislature, contemplating the removal of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield, and during the contest over the measure I often met him. I found him earnest in the advocacy of the removal of the capital. I saw that he was a man of keen perception and clear ideas. In the session of 1841-'42 I was in the Legislature when he was reëlected from the Springfield district. We met frequently during the session. It was at a time when the Democratic majority was pushing measures to wind up the old State Bank. I recall that, while the Democrats had a working majority, they were anxious over the result of the final vote. I was the leader of the Democratic majority and Lincoln was practically the leader of the Whigs. When it came to vote on the bill the Whigs attempted to defeat it by breaking the quorum. Mr. Lincoln crawled through a window and got out of the hall, and I well remember the great laugh his act caused, as his tall form disappeared from view. We shouted after him the old saying: "He who fights and runs away," etc. The Democrats finally succeeded in passing the bill.

When Mr. Lincoln was elected to Congress he and I went to Washington together. I heard his first speech in Congress. He was earnest and spoke with greater rapidity than I ever had heard him speak before. I attributed it to the fact that he had only an hour allotted him and wanted to say as much as possible in that time. His deficiency in gesticulation was fully made up by the deep earnestness of his manner.

After Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated President I had frequent conversations with him on the situation. He thought at first we would escape war. I told him he was wrong, as I knew the feeling of Southern Congressmen in Washington was for a separate republic. I had been in Washington the preceding session and I realized the feeling of the South better than Mr. Lincoln did. I told him of an interview I had had with President Buchanan at a time when there was a rumor of an advance of a military force from Virginia and Maryland to seize the Capitol, during which I had urged Buchanan to take steps to preserve Washington from capture.

I recall distinctly an interview I had with Mr. Lincoln in company with a Congressman from Louisiana. This Congressman was in favor of maintaining the Union, but he was frightened by the talk of the forcible abolition of slavery. In reply to a question regarding Mr. Lincoln's position on slavery, the President stretched forth his arms and said with deep solemnity: "All I want the South to do is to obey the constitution and the laws." He said this with extreme earnestness, and the Southerner was impressed deeply.

H. C. McCLERNAND.

AS A POLITICIAN.

Much Like Other Men in Practical Politics—Both Good and Great and His Character and Services Hardly Will Be Forgotten by the People of America.

Mr. Lincoln's character and services will hardly be forgotten or fall of appreciation. I saw much of him as a politician in Illinois, and was in Washington before and after the Presidential election of 1864, and was made to know that in matters of politics—"practical politics"—Mr. Lincoln was much as other men are. I liked him as well as a man both good and great as he was should be liked.

W. L. MORRISON.

EMANCIPATED TWO RACES.

Advance Under the Guidance of His Inspiration in Education of Poor Whites in the South.

By General O. O. Howard.

I am happy to feel that I was always his friend and defender, even when some of my comrades in the service in 1861 were disposed to make sport of him and to call him hard names. Early he became my beau ideal of a political leader—in fact, when I began reading his speeches or extracts from his debates with Douglas prior to his first election to the Presidency in 1860. His arguments were clear and cogent, and his conclusions, to candid minds, irresistible. It is a marvel how he brought men together and formed a political force that carried through the mighty conflict. Surely Lincoln was raised up by him who knoweth all hearts for that purpose.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln he led me to the frame that held his charts and pulled down the large government map of the two States, Tennessee and Kentucky. He put his finger on that spot where we are now trying to establish a memorial institution to his name—Cumberland Gap—and thrilled me as he told me of the character of the mountain people. His idea was that they were strongly in favor of the union; that we might somehow seize Knoxville and deliver them from the thralldom of the confederacy; and that all Tennessee would be ours when that was done. The people of the mountains—thousands and thousands of them—suffered excessively during the entire period of the war, being driven hither and thither by the several contending armies. When the freedmen and refugee law was passed by Congress in the winter of 1864-'65, I am sure Mr. Lincoln inspired those words "loyal refugees," meaning those mountain people of whom he spoke so feelingly to me when I was taking my army corps to the West: "They are loyal, General, they are loyal." We found them so from Bridgeport, Ala., to Chattanooga, Tenn., and from Knoxville, Tenn., to Mill Spring, Ky. The idea of Lincoln's love for those mountaineers has impressed me more and more of late as I have been trying to help them to the privileges of which, by their location, they have hitherto been deprived. The Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap, which we are trying to make a worthy monument to our beloved Lincoln, declares that it "shall ever seek to make education possible to the children of the humble, common people, among whom Abraham Lincoln was born." What an inspiration in his name!

During the several times that Mr. Lincoln and I met I talked freely with him, though so much younger than he. At first, when I looked up to his face, so high above mine, I had the West Point awe of rank elevation, and authority, but the instant he gave me his hand and spoke to me I felt as a child does to a kind father, and could express myself without embarrassment. I saw him in council, patient and listening; I saw him at the War department eager for news from the front; I saw him when in extreme sadness he came to the funeral of his friend, Senator (then Colonel) Baker, whose body had been brought from Ball's Bluff; I saw him reviewing the armies at Arlington Heights, Harper's Ferry, Falmouth, and Brook's Station, where he unpretentiously rode along with showy commanders, keenly observant of all that he thought might weaken his forces. I had him for a time in my own tent, where his manner, voice, and speech betokened sympathy and appreciation.

What can I say? Abraham Lincoln had a large brain and a larger heart. Like our Lord he could love his country and me. The humblest slave felt the touch of his sympathy and reciprocated his love. He lived and died to save his country; he lived and died to make men free and to make them better.

DUE TO COMPROMISE REPEAL.

Lincoln Developed by the Agitation Which Followed Douglas' Course—Speaker at Today's Exercises Tells of Early Republican Meetings.

I was a Whig and followed Mr. Lincoln into the Republican party. I recall a meeting held at a hotel, run by Joel Johnson, of old Whigs who had not made up their minds to be Republicans, and yet were not ready to be Democrats. They were afraid if they became Republicans of the anti-slavery element which seemed to be trending toward abolition. There were twenty-five or thirty of these old-time Whigs at the meeting. Lincoln was there and announced that he was going to the Bloomington convention to help organize the new party. They held back, but I suppose by 1856 most of them had followed Mr. Lincoln into the Republican party. To call a man an Abolitionist then was as bad as to call him a horse thief those days.

Mr. Lincoln was a politician all through. He knew the trend of popular sentiment and did not care to go farther than the people would go. He was undoubtedly an anti-slavery man from the beginning, but I see now that if he had gone too fast he would not have taken the Whigs into the Republican party as he did. Mr. Lincoln never interfered much in local politics—he was too smart for that—but when he was running for office himself he did not sit in his office all day. He was what now would be called a mighty good "rustler for votes."

If there is such a thing as an honest lawyer Lincoln was one. When he was in the right he went into a case heart and soul. At the time he came back from Congress he ranked no higher than the other lawyers in the circuit. At that time he commenced to devote all his attention to the law and was regarded more as a lawyer than he had been.

I am convinced that if the Missouri compromise had not been repealed Lincoln would have died practicing law in Springfield. It was the anti-slavery question that developed him and produced the Lincoln that the world knows.

DR. WILLIAM JAYNE.

North Free from Hate and South from Dependence on Others, While Negro Is Liberated from Slavery.

By Booker T. Washington.

You ask one whom the great emancipator found a piece of property and left an American citizen to speak of Abraham Lincoln.

My first acquaintance with our hero and benefactor is this: Night after night, before the dawn of day, on an old slave plantation in Virginia, I recall the form of my sainted mother, bending over a batch of rags that enveloped my body, on a dirt floor, breathing a fervent prayer to heaven that "Marse Lincoln" might succeed, and that one day she and I might be free. Be it far from me to revive the bitter memories of the past, nor would I narrow the work of Abraham Lincoln to the black race of this country; rather would I call him the emancipator of America—the liberator of the white man North, of the white man South; the one who, in unshackling the chains of the negro, has turned loose the enslaved forces of nature in the South, and has knit all sections of our country together by the indissoluble bonds of commerce.

To the man in the North who cherished hatred against the South Lincoln brought freedom. To the white man who landed at Jamestown years ago, with hopes as bright as those who stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock, Lincoln gave an opportunity to breathe the air of unfettered freedom—freedom from dependence on the labor of others—yea, to us all, the white race and mine, Lincoln has been a great emancipator.

But not all is done, and it remains for the living to finish the work that Lincoln left uncompleted. The great and prosperous North still owes a serious and uncompleted duty to its less fortunate brothers of the white race South, who are still suffering the consequence of American slavery. What was the task they were asked to perform? Returning to their destitute homes after years of war, they are asked to add to their burdens that of preparing in education, politics, and economics, in a few short years, for citizenship, four or five millions of former slaves. That the South, staggering under the burden, made blunders, that in some measure there has been disappointment, no one need be surprised.

The four million slaves that Lincoln freed are now nearly ten million freemen. That which was 300 years in doing can hardly be undone in thirty years. How can the North help the South and the negro in the completion of Lincoln's work? A large majority of the people Lincoln freed are still ignorant, without proper food or property or skill, are without the requisites for intelligent and independent citizenship.

An educated man standing on the corners of the streets of a city, with his hands in his pockets, is not one whit more benefit to society than an ignorant man on the streets with his hands in his pockets. It is only as the black man produces something that makes the markets of the world dependent on him for something that he secures his rightful place.

The struggle of Abraham Lincoln up from the lowest poverty and ignorance to the highest usefulness gives hope and inspiration to the negro. Like Lincoln, he is gathering strength from the obstacles he is mastering and overcoming.

No race in history ever has grown strong and useful except as it has had to battle against tremendous odds. Like Lincoln, the negro knows the meaning of the one-room cabin; he knows the bed of rags and hay; he knows what it is to be minus books and schoolhouse; he has tasted the lowliest poverty, but through them all he is making his way to the top. In the effort he is slowly but surely learning that the highest character, of citizenship is in the spirit of self-denial, economy, thrift, and the ownership of property. These elements of strength will give him that manhood without which no race can stand permanently, and which no adverse influence can take from him.

TRIBUNE OF ALL PEOPLES.

His Work for All Mankind and for All Ages—The Most Original and Unique of All Our Presidents and the Most Conscientious of Men.

Fort General Green Clay, now White Hall, Ky.—Abraham Lincoln was the most original and unique of all our Presidents. He had a large brain, showing the intellectual and moral quality of our greatest man. His brain was based on a strong physique. Lincoln was well called "Honest Abe." He and Salmon P. Chase were the most conscientious of men. Lincoln was one of the greatest of American orators. His speech at Gettysburg ranks with the most eloquent of all the ages. Common sense was his greatest force, and, like Jesus, he spoke to the ignorant in parables. He spoke so as not to throw pearls before swine, knowing that the unlearned do not reason. This Charles Francis Adams could not see; a "bad egg" was volumes to such hearers.

He was a deist, and Jesus was an inspired messenger of God to man. He, like the wise of all ages, held that the Creator steers and loves his work. He would not proclaim freedom to all till God, by success in battle, had said the time had come.

Washington turned an aristocratic colony into an aristocratic republic; Lincoln was the tribune of the people of all the nations. What Washington was for Americans and a day, Lincoln's work was for mankind and all the ages.

Lincoln was not only the greatest American, but stood next to Jesus as the best factor of the human race. My association with him will save me from oblivion. I am content to share the glory of his fame.

CASSIUS MARCELLU[illegible]

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A LAWYER ON CIRCUIT.

Over Ownership of a Mule—Lincoln Vanquished in a Story-Telling Contest (at 3 a. m.)

By Judge W. M. Springer.

In the summer of 1858, after my graduation from college, I took up my residence in the town of Lincoln, Logan County, Ill. The town was named in honor of Mr. Lincoln, and he always attended the sessions of the Circuit Court at that place up to the time of his election to the Presidency. It was at this town that I first became acquainted with him. During the fall of that year he had his celebrated debates with Senator Douglas, but those debates did not prevent his customary attendance upon the court at Lincoln. I began the study of law at that time, and was an interested spectator of all the proceedings in the court. I remember one important trial in which Mr. Lincoln was attorney for one of the parties. The landlord of the Lincoln House was a Mr. Palmer, and Mr. Lincoln always stopped at this hotel. Mr. Palmer had a suit in court, and secured Mr. Lincoln's services as his attorney. It was an action of replevin, and involved the identity of a mule. Quite a number of witnesses testified in behalf of the plaintiff to the fact that the mule was one he had raised, and was well known to them. An equal number of witnesses testified for the defendant, and these witnesses were absolutely certain that the mule belonged to the defendant and that he had raised it on his farm. In this conflict of testimony Mr. Lincoln moved the court, the Hon. David Davies, presiding, for permission to make profert of the mule, that is, to have the mule brought into court, so that the jury could examine it for themselves. This motion was allowed. But the next question arose, how was the mule to be brought into court, as the courtroom was in the second story of the building. Mr. Lincoln was equal to this emergency, and suggested to the court that as a mule could not come to the jury the jury should go to the mule. This was done, and the jury repaired to the courtyard. Mr. Lincoln and his client went after the mule, and he himself led the animal to the rear of the courthouse, where the jury had assembled. He was tall, and the mule was small, the contrast being remarkable. As soon as the mule was brought into the presence of the jury they pounced upon it, looking into its mouth, feeling its limbs, and investigating it carefully until they were thoroughly satisfied. The jury then repaired to the courtroom, and the mule was sent to the stable, and the trial was resumed. I do not remember now whether Mr. Lincoln won the suit or not, but the case went to the Supreme Court of the State, and before it was settled the costs amounted to more than $500, which had to be paid by the losing party. This amount would have bought about ten mules at that time, but the law was vindicated, and I presume that the right prevailed, but of this I have no doubt, the defendant, the plaintiff, and the witnesses entertained the same opinions they had before.

During the many canvasses for a seat in Congress from the Springfield district (1874 to 1894) I learned of many instances in the early life of Mr. Lincoln, some of which, so far as I know, never have been published. The counties comprising my Congressional district were those in which Mr. Lincoln attended the terms of the Circuit Court in the early days of Illinois and of his professional career. Petersburg, county seat of Menard County, in which is located Old Salem, is now famous in history on account of Mr. Lincoln's connection with the place. On one occasion, when the business of the court had ceased early in the afternoon for the lack of a case to try, Mr. Lincoln and Uncle Billy Ingle, one of the old settlers of that county, began to tell stories for the entertainment of the court officials and spectators. Mr. Lincoln would tell a story, then Uncle Billy would be called upon to tell another, and thus they continued their stories until time for supper arrived. The crowd had manifested great interest in the story telling and insisted upon the participants returning to the courtroom at "early candle light" and continuing the entertainment for the purpose of determining definitely which one of the two would be able to hold out the longest and tell the last story. This was agreed to and in the evening a large number assembled in the courtroom and Mr. Lincoln and Uncle Billy Ingle continued the contest to the amusement and entertainment of all those present. The stories followed one after another in quick succession, and it was for a long time a matter of doubt which of the two would be able to tell the last story. The contest was kept up until about 3 o'clock in the morning, when Uncle Billy Ingle happened to tell one of his best stories, and for some unaccountable reason, whether from interest in Mr. Ingle's story or that his fund had been exhausted, Mr. Lincoln failed to respond when time was called, and Uncle Billy was declared to be the champion story teller of Menard County and of central Illinois.

There are many old citizens in Menard County who were present at this story telling contest, some of whom have related this incident to me, and I have no doubt it is true. Uncle Billy Ingle was at one time a member of the State Legislature, a man of the highest character and universally beloved, and to his dying day it was his greatest boast and pride that he had been able to vanquish Mr. Lincoln in a story telling contest.

On one occasion when Mr. Lincoln was in partnership with Uncle Billy Green in the mercantile business at Old Salem, Menard County, two of their customers became embroiled in a contest over the right to enter a certain forty acres of land in the neighborhood. Each of these customers claimed that he had a superior right to enter the land by reason of the proximity of his other land in the neighborhood. Mr. Lincoln was appealed to and asked to aid in settling this difficulty, and he found each of the parties absolutely unyielding in his demands, and they determined to fight it out.

They were both large and muscular specimens of humanity, and each thought himself equal to any contest in which he might engage. The ring was formed, and the contestants for the right to enter the piece of land selected Mr. Lincoln as referee of the fight. Mr. Lincoln accepted and when he entered the ring the combatants stripped to the waist and at once began to spar for position and to pummel each other in the most approved fashion of backwoodsman warfare. There were no prize-ring rules in existence at that time, and Mr. Lincoln was sole arbiter. The contest was spirited, each party showing great powers of endurance and unflinching courage. But as all contests must have an end this one also came to an end by the success of one of the combatants, the other having fallen in the fight and cried "Enough." Mr. Lincoln declared the winner and his judgment was approved by the bystanders, the participants shook hands and parted as friends, the victor entering the forty acres of land.

Repairing His Buggy with Hickory Stripe—Apples Instead of Whisky—Small Fees for Services.

By Anthony Thornton.

I first saw Mr Lincoln in December, 1836, in Vandalia, but after the removal of the capital from Vandalia to Springfield I met him frequently, and became well acquainted with him. Lawyers then traveled "the circuit" on horseback, and for fifteen years or more, during the terms of the courts in the spring and fall, he was a familiar figure to the bar of central Illinois at the several terms of the courts in the counties of Christian, Shelby, Macon, Moultrie, Piatt, Coles, and Edgar. I was associated often with him in the trial of suits, and we were frequently opposed to each other. The dockets were small and the fees smaller. During those years, besides their professional duties, the lawyers at almost every term of the courts engaged in political discussion, and Lincoln was ever ready for the fray.

Thus I had every opportunity to know the man and discover his characteristics. He was then an illiterate man, uninstructed in books, unlearned in history, and without much knowledge of polite literature. Yet he had a vast amount of common sense and a large sympathy for the common people. Between him and his audience there was a kindred feeling. He did not possess the poetry and pathos of Baker or Linder, but he had an earnestness which denoted the strength of his inward convictions and the warmth of his heart. He was a good and safe lawyer and a reliable counselor.

Mr. Lincoln was a pure man, and abstemious in his habits. During years of familiar converse and intimate association I never heard him use profane language or indulge in vulgarity. In riding "the circuit" almost every lawyer, as well as the Judge, had a bottle of whisky in his saddlebags. I never saw Lincoln with one, and never knew him to taste intoxicating liquor.

On one occasion he and I were appointed by the Judge to examine an applicant for admission to practice law. Usually the applicant was adjudged to furnish a bottle of wine or whisky preparatory to the examination. In this case Mr. Lincoln made the forfeit one-half bushel of apples.

When he was in repose "melancholy marked him for her own," yet he had a fine sense of humor, greatly appreciated a jest, and loved a good story more than any man I ever knew. Upon the adjournment in the evening he and Linder would entertain the listening crowd and make mirth abound, while "unheeded flew the hours." I never heard him address a jury or make a political speech that he did not tell one or more good stories, so apt and illustrative of his position that they constituted an argument in themselves. I well remember, in going from one county to another, we passed the farm of an old settler who had a good supply of capital stories. Lincoln would desert the company and stop with him, and thus increase his stock. He told a story admirably, and thus attracted the crowd.

As a lawyer he was unusually fair, and always courteous to Judge, lawyers, jury, and witnesses. On one occasion he and I were associate counsel in an important lawsuit when he exhibited his love of right and fairness in a remarkable manner. John T. Stuart of Springfield was counsel for the opposite party. It was a trial by jury. I examined the witnesses and Mr. Lincoln attended to the legal questions involved. I had examined an intelligent witness, whose testimony was clear and satisfactory and readily given. When the cross-examination commenced this witness hesitated, manifested reluctance to answer, and was evasive in his replies. Mr. Lincoln arose and addressed the court, and publicly and severely reprimanded the witness. It was a dangerous experiment, which might have brought discredit on our most important witness. His object, however, was accomplished, and the witness answered promptly all questions on cross-examination. Honesty and fairness are the best under all circumstances.

Mr. Lincoln was plain in his dress, and after he owned a buggy it was old and dilapidated. Once when he was about to start from Taylorville for Decatur the tires of the wheels of his buggy were so loose as to be dangerous. He secured them by wrapping with hickory bark.

In the practice of the law, forty-odd years ago, the fees were small, and Mr Lincoln had no disposition to increase them. I have now a note, payable to him, for $6.50 for his services in a contested suit. It was sent to me for collection, but the maker was never able to pay the small amount.

I never saw him angry but once He became excited at some words of Judge Constable, an amiable gentleman. Strife was prevented by the interposition of mutual friends. But I shall never forget the aspect of Lincoln's face The glare of his eye and the working of his countenance were terrific.

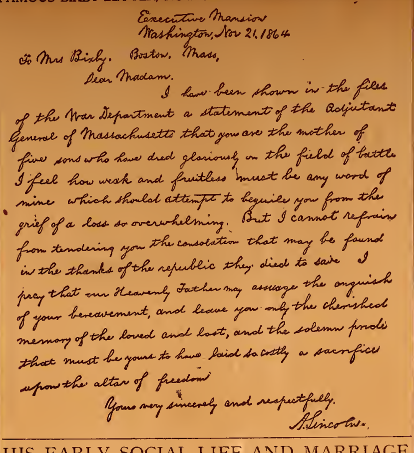
Illustrative of his earnestness, I recall an incident which happened in June, 1856. I had an appointment to make a political speech to the people of Shelby County. The opponents of the Democratic party requested permission to have present a speaker of their persuasion, to which I assented. On the day Mr. Lincoln came, and as a matter of courtesy I gave him the privilege to open the discussion. He began at 2 o'clock and continued until nearly 5 o'clock. He made an earnest and plausible speech, but I am satisfied he was unconscious that he was consuming all the time.

After this, as he had ceased to travel on the "old circuits," I met him only occasionally. I have now no recollection of seeing him after the year 1858, and never saw him after his election to the Presidency.

I must confess that the picture of the Lincoln, as I knew him years ago, poor and plainly dressed, uncultivated, traversing the prairies of Illinois on horseback or in an old, wornout buggy, practicing a profession which yielded small compensation, is wholly unlike the picture of the same man on his way to Washington as the President-elect, who electrified the country by his inaugural address; who, by his kindness and firmness, rallied the people around him, and whose sole object was to solve the question, How shall the union be saved? Were the pictures the same? The same man is portrayed, and yet how different! He had grown and strengthened by his environments. The primary causes which produced this change were inborn His common sense, the gift of nature, awakened by his surroundings; his power to receive impressions; his ability to perform; his firmness in the right; his patriotism and unselfishness; his gentle nature, roused by the conditions confronting him, made—

> A combination and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man.
>
> Great thoughts, great feelings, came to him,
> Like instincts, unawares

FAMOUS BIXBY LETTER, NOW OWNED BY ROBERT T. LINCOLN.



Executive Mansion
Washington, Nov 21, 1864

To Mrs Bixby. Boston, Mass,

Dear Madam.

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully.
A. Lincoln.

HIS EARLY SOCIAL LIFE AND MARRIAGE.

It was rather late in the afternoon of Jan. 4, 1840, when we arrived at Springfield after a long and rather wearying journey from New York, or rather from New Haven. There were few railroads in those days and not one on this side of the Alleghanies, so we were obliged to come by water from Pittsburg to St. Louis, and by reason of the low stage of water we were on the boat two weeks The rest of the journey was made on the old stage coach and was a two days' ride.

Ninian Edwards, my husband's brother, invited us to stay with his family until our own house should be ready for occupancy—an invitation we most gladly accepted. The old stage coach went lumbering up to the house, a large, commodious structure near the present Statehouse, and my heart was heavy at the thought of meeting strangers; but O, what a haven of rest it appeared to me when we entered that bright, hospitable home and how quickly my fears were dispelled and my heart made light by the cordial welcome we received from all the family The house seemed as brilliantly illuminated by its firelight, candles, and astral lamps as in these days by the use of gas and electricity.

It was on that evening that I met Mary Todd—afterward Mrs. Lincoln. For the time she had a home with her sister, Mrs. Ninian Edwards I was attracted toward her at once. The sunshine in her heart was reflected in her face. She greeted me so kindly and with such warmth of manner that I was made to feel perfectly at home, and, though a little older than I, she insisted on my calling her by her first name. This bond of friendship was continued to the end of her life.

Mary Todd had naturally a fine mind and cultivated tastes. She was a great reader and was possessed of a remarkably retentive memory. Her brilliant conversation, often embellished with apt quotations, made her society much sought after by all the young people of the town. She was quick at repartee, and when the occasion seemed to require it, was sarcastic and severe.

About that time Springfield society contained some of the brightest young men that any State could produce—men whose names hold a prominent place in Illinois history—during the sessions of the State Legislature Among them were Isaac Arnold, J. Young Scammon, Lyman Trumbull, Mark Skinner, William B. Ogden, and others, besides our own "bright particular stars," of whom I will name only Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," though there were others whose names stand high on the roll of honor of our State. These legislative assemblies were always the occasion of many social gatherings for distinguished men from every part of the State, who came to the capital and were royally entertained by our ladies, whose hospitality was noted all over this State.

There was then a galaxy of beautiful girls, whose vivacity, intelligence, and propriety of deportment would entitle them to entrée of the choicest society in any city. It was a brave set of young people, such as is seldom met with in these days, where a congeniality of mind and spirit made these social functions most enjoyable. I have heard that at these times Mary Todd was usually the center of attraction.

Mr Lincoln, I think, was acknowledged to be the most popular and agreeable talker of the young men His stories were all listened to with the greatest attention and enjoyed immensely.

I had hear a rumor of the engagement of Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd, yet I considered it merely one of the unfounded reports always floating in society, for I really thought Mr. Douglas was more assiduous in his attentions than Mr. Lincoln.

During the winter of 1841 I had two young visitors who spent several weeks with me. One was a bright, dashing girl from Chicago, the daughter of Justin Butterfield, the other was the daughter of Judge Pope from St Louis, a sweet and attractive girl. Some of Mr. Edwards' cousins were visiting him, making a gay company, and as our house was not far from Miss Todd's home and almost opposite the old Second Presbyterian Church, where the legislative sessions were held (the first Statehouse was not completed then), our house seemed the favorite rendezvous for all these young girls, who often tried to tease Mary about her "tall suitor." She bore their jokes and teasings good naturedly, but would give them no satisfaction, neither affirming nor denying the report It was therefore with great surprise I heard the news of their intended marriage.

Ninian Edwards came to our house rather early in the morning of a November day and without any preliminaries said. "My wife wants you to come to our house this evening." I asked what was going on. He replied: "We are going to have a wedding. I met Mr. Lincoln a while ago and he told me that he and Mary were going to be married this evening (I think he said) at the parsonage, but I told him that must not be. Mary was my ward, and if she was going to be married it must be from my house."

He went on to say that he had left his wife greatly disturbed over the fact that she did not have time to prepare a suitable wedding feast. There were no confectioners in those days to furnish dainty refreshments which are now so necessary on such occasions; no caterers to relieve the housekeepers of the labor of preparing the menus for hungry guests. Every housekeeper had to depend upon the skill of her own hands and her own good taste in preparing the needed edibles for such functions. There was only one bakery in the city of Springfield, and its choicest commodities were ginger bread and beer.

Some little misunderstanding had occurred which prevented Mr. Lincoln from visiting at the house, but Mrs. Simeon Francis, whose husband was editor of the Sangamon Journal (a mutual friend), had made arrangements that they should meet there, and it was there the wedding was planned. To her sister, Mrs. Edwards, Mary had been reticent and had not given the least intimation of her purpose.

Human nature is the same all over the world. This little town was not free from its rivalry, jealousies; and envyings. Some one had spoken of Mr. Lincoln as a "plebeian." This rankled in the heart of Miss Todd sorely. So when about noon of the wedding day Mrs. Edwards' feelings were sufficiently calmed to talk to her sister of the affair she said: "Mary, you have not given me much time to prepare for our guests this evening." Then she added, "I guess I shall have to send to old Dickey's for some of his ginger bread and beer." Mary replied: "Well, that will be good enough for plebeians, I suppose."

Mrs Edwards was a model housekeeper and her entertainments were always elegant and elaborate. They were on this occasion, although conditions were not favorable. She was equal to the emergency and provided an elegant, bountiful supper. The wedding was what might be called a pretty one, simple yet impressive. The details, many of them, probably, were not long remembered by those present, but if we could have had even the imagination of a thought of what the future had in store for Mr. Lincoln the most trifling incident of that event doubtless would have been impressed upon memory as with the point of a diamond.

I have heard that Miss Todd's ambition was something colossal. She had from early girlhood said she expected to marry a man who some day would be President of the United States and she seemed to have a prophetic vision that this ambition would be realized. But what was there in Mr. Lincoln to encourage such ambition and expectation? Apparently nothing, and when he was nominated it seemed impossible that this should ever be. There were so many others that we could name who seemed so much better fitted for this position than he. But the one who regardeth not the outward appearances but "knoweth what is the mind of man" saw in Mr. Lincoln that which so qualified him to be the leader of this great nation, which was to undergo such trying and fearful changes, and therefore bestowed upon him this crown of glory. His title to it, who can doubt? His reign was short, but the results, the effect, will live forever and forever.

I saw but little of Mrs. Lincoon after her husband's election. It was but a few evenings after this event that I met her at a little gathering at the residence of Dr. William Jayne. I congratulated her and said: "Mary, you were wise, but I used to think Mr. Douglas would be your choice." She replied most emphatically: "No, indeed; I liked him well enough, but that was all." The next time I saw her was several months after Mr. Lincoln's assassination She heard I was visiting in Chicago, and sent to ask me to call on her at the Clifton House. She told me then that for weeks and months after her husband's death she was in such a condition that "life to her was a perfect blank." "Time seemed blotted out," she said. "I must have been living all these weeks in a state of unconsciousness, for I remember nothing, and the awakening was terrible."

She told me, too, of her fear lest Mr. Lincoln should be defeated in his reëlection, adding: "I could have gone down on my knees to have asked votes for him, and again and again he said: 'Mary, I am afraid you will be punished for this o'erweening anxiety. If I am to be elected it will be all right; if not, you must bear the disappointment.'"

If she then could only have had some prophetic vision of that which was on the other side of that "impenetrable fog-bank"—of that which was to be—how would she have received it? In merciful kindness it was hidden from her eyes.

Mrs. B. S. Edwards.

Mrs. Edwards is the only one now living of those who attended the wedding of Mr. Lincoln and Miss Todd.

PLANS AFTER PRESIDENCY.

Mrs John T. Stuart, widow of the Congressman from the Springfield District at the time of Mr. Lincoln's death, gives many interesting particulars of the story of the early times, when he was a struggling lawyer and went courting. Mrs. Stuart's husband was a cousin of Mary Todd, then one of the most attractive young women of Springfield. He was Lincoln's first law partner, the firm having dissolved when Mr. Stuart was elected to Congress in 1838. There was a strong friendship between the men, which was ended only by death.

Mrs. Stuart, now 84 years of age, is passing her declining years at the home of her son-in-law, C. C. Brown, in Fourth street, in the southern part of Springfield. Although bowed down with age, her mind is as bright as when she was among the brightest of the women of the early days in the new State capital.

"There have been many wrong statements," she said, "in relation to the marriage of Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd. At the time the engagement was broken off I did not understand it, but after they had been married Mrs. Lincoln came to stay with us a week or so, while they were waiting for possession of the house ever since known as the Lincoln Place. She then told me all about their marriage. Mr. Edwards, her guardian, always was opposed to Mr. Lincoln, on the ground that he was a poor young man and had no prospects. Notwithstanding that, they had become engaged. After a time Mr. Lincoln had a time of sickness, of which you have heard. In his delirium he had said things about his coming marriage which had been repeated to Mr. Edwards. He insisted upon Mary writing a letter to Mr. Lincoln, breaking off the engagement She told me at the time of this visit that she had never wanted to break off the engagement, but had been forced to do so. After Mr. Lincoln's return from his trip to Kentucky mutual friends so arranged as to bring the young people together again, but they never met at Mr Edwards' house. During the time the engagement was broken off I went to the Capitol to see Mr. Lincoln. When I went into the legislative chamber I caught sight of him with his feet braced against one of the pillars. His face looked like Bunyan's figure, 'Giant Despair.' He was the saddest man I ever knew. After we returned from Washington Mr. Stuart frequently had friends to little dinners at our house. Most of the guests were lawyers who happened to be in Springfield on business Mr. Lincoln was almost always one of the party He was the life of every such gathering with his great fund of stories and incidents.

"As a young woman, Mary Todd was one of the brightest of all the circle in Springfield at that time. She could entertain a roomful with her ready wit. I think she was much in love with Mr. Lincoln, and he was always kind to her. I always have thought that the worry of the campaign which made Mr. Lincoln President was the direct cause of her mental trouble in subsequent years."

Mrs. Stuart dwelt feelingly on the great love Mr. Lincoln manifested for his children. She told of her visit to the family after the death of their child, and how she helped the servant prepare the breakfast. When she took it to the room Mr. Lincoln said:

"Mary, you must eat, for we must live." But Mrs Lincoln refused and he ate alone. While his grief was profound, yet he seemed to Mrs. Stuart like a strong man, who had resolved to keep his feelings under a firm sway.

"I well remember," she continued, "a conversation I had with Mr. and Mrs Lincoln after his second term had begun My husband was then in Congress and I was at the White House. Mrs Lincoln had said that at the end of his term they were going to Europe. Then the question came up as to where they were going to reside when Mr. Lincoln retired to private life 'Chicago,' said Mrs. Lincoln, but Mr. Lincoln said 'No, we are going back to Springfield. That is our home, and there it will continue to be.' Mrs. Lincoln was somewhat vexed at this, but nothing more was said She never seemed to care for Springfield after Mr. Lincoln's first election, and you will recall she did not return to Springfield to reside after his death"

Then the conversation turned back to the kindly disposition Mr. Lincoln showed to every one throughout his life. The old lady fairly became young again as she dwelt on this trait of his character. She had seen him treat all from the lowest to the highest with the same kindly consideration.

Mrs. C C. Brown, daughter of John E. Owsley, then a resident of Springfield, but later of Chicago, told of the times when her father and Mr. Lincoln used to play chess in the latter's office Frequently the game lasted into the time for dinner, and little Todd would come for his father. After the boy had waited as long as he felt he could for the game to be finished, he would slide up and kick the chess board to the ceiling. "It used to make my father boil," Mrs. Brown related, "but Mr. Lincoln never showed the slightest anger He would seize the boy and throw him up on his back, and off they would go to their dinner."

REBUILDING THE HOME.

Living in the suburbs of Springfield is a pioneer who aided Lincoln in building the flatboat on the Sangamon River above New Salem in 1831. His name is John E. Roll, and his story of the building of that flatboat has been told so often that it does not need repetition. Roll was at the time 16 years of age, and Lincoln was 22: They were working for $14 a month from daylight to dark.

"Lincoln was a terrible-looking, awkward man," said Mr. Roll. "He was dressed in blue jeans, pantaloons, roundabout jacket, and a hat with a small crown and a big brim. He was so big that everything seemed too short. His pantaloons were four inches above his boots, and when he bent over in chopping his roundabout jacket showed four inches of his suspenders. He was so long he could beat almost any one in chopping"

Even at that early day Lincoln was a story teller, and Mr. Roll recalls how he used to entertain the boys in front of the place where they lived.

Mr. Roll went to Springfield after helping build the boat, and has lived there continuously for seventy years. He was called in by Mrs. Lincoln when she added a story to the house which Mr Lincoln had bought a few years previously. According to Mr. Roll's version. Mrs. Lincoln decided their means justified a more pretentious house, and while Mr. Lincoln was away on the circuit she had the additional story put on. Mr. Roll did the plastering on the house, and as part pay for his work took six black walnut doors, which he since has made up into furniture and cut up into canes as mementos of the Lincoln homestead When Lincoln got back from the circuit he met a friend and asked him if he knew where Mrs. Lincoln lived. This was his way of taking the changes made in his old home by his wife during his absence.

The changes Mr. Roll had taken part in whereby the house had been changed so that the owner did not know it did not affect Mr Lincoln's kindly feeling toward his early associate on the Sangamon River, Mr. Roll said, and when Mr. Lincoln went to Washington he gave Mr. Roll his family dog.

LEADER IN ILLINOIS BAR.

Element of Fairness to the Other Mr. Lincoln's Marked Characteristic—Jurors Believed in Him.

By E. B. McCagg.

I recall with interest the first time I ever saw Mr Lincoln. A convention was held in Chicago early in July, 1847, to urge upon Congress the necessity of improving the waterways of the West. There was some conflict of opinion among the delegates. David Dudley Field, an eminent New York lawyer, claiming to be in favor, in principle, of appropriations to improve rivers and harbors, argued that they should be confined to harbors on the seacoast, and such rivers as ran between several States. This did not meet the views of his audience, largely composed of citizens of Chicago, and somebody called out: "What do you say to the Illinois River?" It is easy to see that it was a most pertinent question and cut up by the roots and left to wither Mr. Field's notion, for the Illinois, from source to mouth, is within this State, yet it is part of a waterway connecting the lakes with the Gulf of Mexico, national in character. Mr. Field, not quite familiar with the geography of the West, said: "Let us see, the Illinois River flows between States," and a loud, prolonged shout of derision followed with an evident purpose on the part of the crowd no longer to listen to him. This being the situation, a delegate sitting on the platform, rising, advanced to the front, and in a few well chosen words, to the effect that full and free discussion had been invited and must be favorable to the cause they had at heart, ended the disturbance, and Mr. Field was permitted to proceed. Much struck by his appearance and what he said, I turned to a bystander and asked who it was, and the reply was: "Mr. Lincoln, a Springfield lawyer."

The element of fairness is amusingly shown in an anecdote for which Mr Swett, who was his intimate friend, is my authority. They (Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Swett) were associated in defending a criminal on trial before Judge Davis, then Judge of one of the Illinois Circuit Courts, afterward, by the appointment of Mr. Lincoln, a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The case evidently in its various phases much interested the Judge. As the trial neared its end Judge Davis from the bench called Mr. Swett to his side and said: "Swett, who is to argue this cause to the jury?"

Mr. Swett replied: "I suppose, of course, Mr. Lincoln; he is senior counsel."

"Don't let him do it! Don't let him do it!" said the Judge. "He is too fair."

I must deny any possible deduction from this incident that Mr. Lincoln was not fully alive to his duty to his client and to every inference that might be drawn in his favor, but he would not press such inference unless it was legitimately to be gained from the evidence and had forceful and sure value. There was an element of strength in this, he drove home with more power and less disturbance his stronger points, and jurors had faith in him.

Looking back to those days with his finished career before us, he then showed all the traits of character which so illustrated his life in later years. He felt the pulse of court and jury as he afterwards did that of his people. He was as much on his guard and as circumspect in the management of his case as when he had States and governments to deal with. He was as subtle (and I use this word in the sense of acuteness and discernment, and not of craft, deceit, or artfulness as a trial lawyer) as later in his debates with Douglas or in his movements over the vast field of operations which, while he was President, taxed his ability. The qualities were there, and they were not latent; the field was narrower, but they, within the limits which called for their exercise, were every one of them, alive and active forces.

Remembrances of Mr. Lincoln When Attending the Federal Courts in Chicago—His Siestas on a Coal Box.

By M. R. M. Wallace.

During the years from 1855 to 1858 the United States District Court, in which the late Judge Thomas Drummond presided was held here in what was then called "the Saloon Building" at the southeast corner of Clark and Lake streets. At that time the title to the land in a certain locality in the western part of this community, called "the military tract," was in litigation, and the cases were being tried before Judge Drummond. These were some of the legal lights of those days who were taking part in the proceedings: Abraham Lincoln, Stuart, and Judge Steven T Logan of Springfield; Archibald Williams and Browning of Quincy; Judge Purple and the Mannings of Peoria, Judge Samuel Fuller and Hoyne of Chicago, and Dickey and Cook of Ottawa.

T. Lyle Dickey, Major Whitney, and myself had an office in the old Metropolitan Hotel Building at the corner of La Salle and Randolph streets. As a convenient receptacle for fuel we had a coal box six feet long, two feet deep, and two and one-half feet wide, and the box was upholstered on the outside with carpet. On it was a cotton pillow, and the whole afforded a comfortable lounging place for a tired man. Mr. Lincoln frequently came over from court, and took a "snooze" on it.

One day during this time Lincoln, Dickey, and I were walking abreast on the street when in some way the question of the relative height of Lincoln and myself came up. Mr. Lincoln offered then and there to bet a quarter that he was the taller of the two. I took the bet, and the stakes were deposited in Dickey's hands. Now, the wily Lincoln stooped from the lower spine, and when the test came he straightened up, and I found that I was left. He was taller by an inch or two. My quarter jingled in his pocket with his own—and he did not offer to treat, either.

During the year 1858 Lincoln and my partner, Dickey, tried a patent right case, in which a large amount was involved, before Judge Drummond. The trial of the case was as entertaining and instructive as a law school and a theater combined. Lincoln would say. "Now, Dickey, you know yourself that ain't right." There appeared to be utter indifference as to what the court would decide. The case was appealed to the Supreme Court at Washington, and in November Dickey directed me to telegraph Lincoln and ask him if he was going to Washington City that winter. He answered by letter as follows.

"M. R. M. Wallace—Dear Sir: Your 'flash' received. As to going this winter, if the court understands herself, and I think she do, I won't go at all. A. Lincoln."

HONORED BY THE WORLD.

The late Dr. Charles V. Dyer related to me an incident showing that not only America but the world was profoundly moved by the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. The 600th anniversary of Dante's birthday was celebrated in Florence Italy, on the 14th day of May, 1865. Dr. Dyer, who had been sent abroad by the friendship of Mr. Lincoln, was invited to respond for America, and in doing so he paid a touching tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the apostle and martyr of liberty.

When he pronounced the name of Abraham Lincoln every one in that vast assembly of distinguished men rose reverently to his feet and stood in profound silence. Every heart seemed thrilled with a pang of sorrow, and each countenance betrayed intense emotion. It was a scene never to be forgotten. E. B. Sherman,

United States Circuit Court Commissioner, Chicago.

NO WINE AT HIS TABLE.

It was a great day in Springfield when Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency. The bells rang all day, and when a telegram was received from Chicago that a committee from the convention would arrive in Springfield the next afternoon formally to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, to put it mildly, the town went wild. A great many Springfield people had been at Chicago during the convention, and when they began to arrive each one added to the excitement by telling his story of the great contest. I was then a clerk in my brother's store and was alone when Mr. Lincoln came in. His face was long and he wore an air of extreme depression. He dropped into a chair and looked like a man who had not a friend on earth.

"Can I do anything for you?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mr Lincoln replied.

"Do you want anything?"

"I don't know."

"What is the trouble, anyway, Mr. Lincoln?" I asked anxiously.

I recall that Mr. Lincoln went on to unfold the difficulty he was in. It seemed that Mrs. Lincoln had considered it the proper thing to prepare a supper at their house for the notification committee, and that she had insisted there should be wine at the table. In that I suppose Mrs. Lincoln was entirely correct, judging from the usual custom of the times, but Mr. Lincoln objected to the wine.

"Do you want to have it?" I remember asking him.

"I have never had wine in my house and I don't want to commence now if I can help it."

Mr. Lincoln added that he realized there were many things he had never done and did not want to do which his new position would require of him, but he did not want wine the first thing

I told him that he need not and ought not to have a supper at his house anyway that night. The committee of Springfield citizens already had prepared an elaborate dinner for the visitors at the Chenery House, then the leading hotel of Springfield; we were going to have wine and brandy and whisky and water, and the committee ought to be well enough entertained at the dinner before going to call on him to require anything to eat or drink at his house.

He was much pleased at this arrangement, which seemed to take a load off his mind. He then asked what was expected of him during the visit of the committee. I advised him to be waiting at the house and to be much surprised when the committee called. He answered that that would be a lie, for, while he might be excited by the visit of the committee, he would not be surprised.

The plans of the committee were carried out, and there was a big dinner at the Chenery House before the visit to the Lincoln homestead. I still can see in my mind how pleased Mr. Lincoln was when he found out that he need not have wine that night.

Mr. Lincoln had a remarkable power of attracting people to him Our Springfield society in the early days was, perhaps, the gayest in the State. There were many Kentucky people in the city, and there was much wealth and fashion with us Only the other day I met a gentleman from St. Louis who was still enthusiastic over a party he attended at the home of Ninian W. Edwards, brother-in-law of Mrs. Lincoln, before the war. We then had a population of only 7,000 or 8,000, and it required all the good people in the town for these events. There were generally card tables up-stairs, while the young people danced in the parlors below. Euchre was the great game at the card tables, and Lincoln was not long at the parties before he was at the card tables, playing euchre. He kept at this until the young people gathered around him and demanded some stories. I still recall how vexed the young men were because the young women preferred hearing Mr. Lincoln tell his stories to dancing. As late as 1860 I recall that a beautiful young woman from the South who was visiting Springfield attended one of these parties where Mr. Lincoln was. She had come from the South with the idea that Mr. Lincoln was a full-fledged devil with horns She had not been long at the party before she sought an introduction to him, and for the rest of the evening she remained near him. I don't know whether her opinion of him was changed or not, but her experience shows in the most striking way his power of attraction. He had a happy faculty of winning people.

During the campaign of 1860 I saw a good deal of Mr. Lincoln. He kept himself well posted on what was going on throughout the country, and had affairs well gauged before the time for election came.

John W. Bunn.

CALLERS AT WHITE HOUSE.

I cannot say that I was intimately acquainted with Lincoln, but can truly say I knew him well.

Early in the '50s he did some business at Springfield for the law firm of Brackett & Waite, which brought us into correspondence with him. Afterward I used to meet him in the United States courts.

I remember attending a session of one of those courts in the upper story of a building on the east side of Clark street, near the center of the city. It was in the summer or fall of 1860, after his nomination. We were sitting in front of the building on a veranda, and Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by a company of interested and admiring lawyers, was relating stories and anecdotes. Suddenly, raising his hand, he said: "Stop a moment. I must look after that fellow in there," referring to a lawyer who was making an argument on the opposite side of a case which Lincoln had just been trying. He went in, and in two or three minutes came out again, saying:

"It's all right. I thought, perhaps, from a word or two I heard, that he was getting on to something; but it's all right." And he went on with his stories.

After his accession to the Presidency I was one day at his private reception room at the White House, and, having been requested to remain awhile, I took a seat across the room, and, knowing something of his eccentricities in receiving people, I took that occasion to observe what should take place, and found myself fully repaid for so doing.

Among the callers was a gentleman from Kentucky, accompanied by a Frenchman, whom he said he wished to introduce.

"Very well," said Lincoln. "Introduce him." As the Kentuckian did so, the Frenchman advanced with three or four measured steps, and squaring himself off and spreading out his right hand, made a bow that would have graced any court in Europe Lincoln was grinning from ear to ear. He had a little conversation with them both, in course of which he asked them when they left Kentucky. Having been given the date, he said:

"Let me see. Wasn't that rather a poor time to leave the State? General Prentiss had just arrived there"

Noticing that this embarrassed the Kentuckian a little and the Frenchman a good deal, he turned the conversation, and in a few moments they left.

The next interviewer was an old woman who wished to get her son into West Point. Lincoln said he didn't think there was any vacancy.

"I am satisfied there is," replied the old woman. "Other people get their sons there; if it's because they have money, I've got money, too."

"O!" said Mr. Lincoln, raising his voice to that peculiar tenor pitch in which he nearly always indulged when about to utter something pointed. "You want to buy a place, do you? Well, I haven't any to sell. Go to Adjutant General Thomas; maybe he'll sell you one."

"I have been to General Thomas."

"Well, what does he say?"

"He, too, says there's no place," said she, "but I believe there is."

The President seemed to be hugely pleased by her persistence, and finally gave her a letter of some sort, which appeared to be satisfactory.

I could relate many more such incidents, but these will suffice.

After having been appointed by Mr. Lincoln Associate Justice for Utah Territory, I found, upon arriving there, that the federal laws could not be executed. I communicated the fact to Senator Browning of this State, who had an interview with the President as to the expediency of sending a military force there. Lincoln's reply to Browning was characteristic:

"I've got the negroes on my hands now," said he. "When I get through with them I'll attend to the Mormons."

This light phase of Lincoln's character is known to all the world. Perhaps the more serious phases are not so well understood.

His extreme carefulness on all occasions to do what he thought was right, and not to go beyond the right thing, sometimes caused him to deliberate until he appeared to lack, and perhaps to some extent he did lack, decision of character; but when he had once made up his mind—when he had "put his foot down"—he was as firm as the rock of ages. Charles B. Waite.

"JUST ONE MORE DEFEAT."

I first became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln in 1856, when I was with him for twelve days in an important case We kept up the acquaintance, and I never failed to call on him when in Washington.

On July 5, 1863, which was just after Gettysburg and Vicksburg, being in Washington, I called and found a large crowd of officials and dignitaries in the ante-room, and, thinking that I stood no chance, I asked the clerk to send in my card, to which I had added. "Wants nothing." Mr. Lincoln himself came to the door and said: "Send in the man who doesn't want anything; that's the man I want to see." So I walked past them all. Mr. Lincoln then asked me to wait until he closed his office, which would be in an hour, which thing I was glad to do, as I desired to see how he ran the office.

After closing his door we sat down and he said: "I want to see you because I want to know just how the people are feeling, and I know you will tell me the truth without putting up what you think I would like to hear," adding, "For, after all, we have to base our reliance upon the common people, and the country is safe as long as they stand by the administration."

I gave him the best information I had and illustrated it by two anecdotes, not necessary here to repeat. We then talked about the war, and I said to him that I did not see how, with the confederate currency and the lack of any system of finance, the South could put into the field and maintain such large armies. He replied. "They haven't any system. If there is anything they want they go and take it, and when the people will find that it's a good war basis after all."

I congratulated him upon the success of our armies, when he said: "I have never had a shadow of doubt from the beginning how this thing would end. We shall suffer just one more defeat, and after that we will march straightforward to the end."

We were defeated in September at Chickamauga, and it was the last defeat of the federal forces during the war. His faith in the outcome of the war and his prescience in regard to what was to follow struck me then and afterwards as something wonderful. It was to me a wonderful interview, and I always have rejoiced that I had the privilege of meeting him at that time and at that juncture of affairs. L. L. Bond.

LOVED BY THE PEOPLE.

Abraham Lincoln for years gave no sign of gaining an enduring fame. His hour had not struck. He became one of the leading lawyers of the State. He was noted for his great skill in the conduct of a trial, and for his eloquence and power as an advocate. It was a notable event to be present at the trial of a great case with Lincoln on one side and Judge Logan or some other great lawyer on the other. But Abraham Lincoln, while making the law his life business, was a born politician; he possessed a natural bent for the study and discussion of the great political questions arising under our government.

His patriotic devotion to his country, his comprehensive wisdom, his high sense of justice, the absolute sincerity of his nature, the deep sympathy and unfailing kindness of his heart, all influencing and controlling him in the conduct of the most momentous struggle in which the human race ever engaged, have secured for Abraham Lincoln the love and admiration of the whole American people. Green B. Raum.

CHAMPION OF LIBERTY.

My acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln began about ten years before he was nominated for the Presidency, when he began coming to Chicago to attend the sessions of the United States Court, first held in Chicago about that time. Before that Illinois constituted one federal judicial district, and the court was held at Springfield. When the State was divided into two districts Chicago being the place of holding court for the northern district, many of the leading lawyers of that day came here, notably Archibald Williams, O. H. Browning, Benjamin Edwards, H. M. Wead, and Mr. Lincoln. At first the court was held in what was known as the "Saloon Building," at the southeast corner of Clark and Lake streets. The courtroom and offices of the Clerk, Marshal, and District Attorney were on the same floor. The offices opening into each other, and their occupants being genial, good fellows, they became the favorite resort of the lawyers attending the court, especially of those from out of town. Here they talked over the knotty points in their cases and exchanged stories. I had lately been admitted to the bar, and had little business demanding my attendance upon that court, but it was an attractive place for a young lawyer wishing to see and hear the "legal lights" of the State. The two men out of the number I have named to whom it gave me the greatest pleasure to listen were Archibald Williams, then District Attorney, and Mr. Lincoln.

They were widely different in their style. Mr. Williams' was more nearly that of the ideal court lawyer, but Mr. Lincoln was his superior before the jury. Mr. Williams, while speaking, stood like a statue, hardly moving his body and making but one gesture. Mr. Lincoln moved about in a familiar way, suiting his movements and gestures to what he was saying. He was easy and natural, making no effort at oratory. I do not think he ever prepared any passages to be gotten off in his argument to the jury or to the court. His logic was lucid and easily grasped. Whatever preparation he made was in familiarizing himself with the facts as they were brought out in the evidence. He was not rapid; never rushed ahead, "carrying the jury by storm," but moved along at an easy jog, most comfortable and satisfying to his hearers.

I do not believe that Mr. Lincoln could have been successful in a bad case. He was too loyal to the logic of his facts and too fair in stating them for that. He took the jury into his confidence and it was not in him to deceive them. While I do not remember ever to have discovered in his appeals to the jury any attempt to play upon their sympathies, if there was any pathos in the facts it was not lost by his honest recital of them; I really believe that sometimes the jurymen thought it was himself and not Mr. Lincoln that discovered the pathos and only wished Mr. Lincoln might make much of it.

Mr. Lincoln was a member of the National Kansas committee, of which I was secretary, and which conducted the Kansas fight on the part of the North in 1856-'57, but did not take much part in its proceedings. General W. F. M. Avery generally acted as his proxy. I have often heard persons say, upon first seeing him: "What a homely face!"

But one soon lost that feeling on becoming acquainted with him. His kindly nature lighted up and beautified those rough lines. There was something there that was especially attractive to me. He thought little of dress or personal appearance, and his tall lank, angular figure quite accentuated the neglect. I was never more impressed with this than during a short conversation I had with him a few days after his debate with Mr. Douglas at Freeport, in the latter part of August, 1858. Meeting him on the street, he related to me some of the humorous incidents of that great occasion. He was dressed in a former satin coat and, as everybody knows, farmer satin is remarkable for slipping and crawling about. As he put one of his long arms about a telegraph pole against which he was leaning the coat, which, at best, fitted him loosely, was so drawn up as to expose the other arm to the elbow. It was not easy to tell whether the coat was on the telegraph pole or on Mr. Lincoln. Even the passers-by halted to wonder who that awkward bronzed old farmer was, for he looked like a farmer rather than the great debater and champion of liberty that he was.

While Mr. Lincoln had a broad streak of humor in him, he was not a "funny man"; he was never trivial. There was always too much of seriousness in his nature to allow of that. There was that friendly interest in his face and manner which said more assuringly than words could do, "How are you, my friend?" and no one hesitated to admit him to that relationship.

On his return from his stumping tour through New England, in the spring of 1860, bringing back with him the fame of his great Cooper Institute speech, he was given a reception in Evanston, at the home of my then next door neighbor, General Julius White, and it was my good fortune to be designated to escort him from Chicago to his house. On the way Mr. Lincoln and I occupied the same seat in the railway car, that next to the stove. Putting his long legs up behind the stove and leaning down toward me, he related to me some of the more amusing episodes in his New England tour, such as he thought I would recognize as characteristic of Yankeedom (I had told him I was a native of Connecticut), some of them bringing out in strong light the issues of the campaign and how he had presented them.

Calling to mind his great debate with Mr. Douglas and how he had grown in popularity all over the country, and that he was being talked of for the Presidency, I could not help a passing analysis of his characteristics. The way he impressed me at that time was well summed up by a countryman at another time—"Not that he knew it all, and that I knew little or nothing, but that he and I were two good fellows, well met, and that between us we knew 'bis.'" His bearing at the reception, while easy, was at the same time dignified and pleasing. It required no stretch of imagination to think of him as the coming President of the United States. He inspired in all a desire to see him nominated and elected to that high office. There was no lurking doubt as to his fitness.

HARVEY B. HURD.

EARLY CAREER IN POLITICS

"Do you suppose," Lincoln once wrote, in a letter to a friend, "that I should ever have got into notice if I had waited to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men? . . . The way for a young man to rise is to improve himself every way he can, never suspecting that anybody wishes to hinder him."

Lincoln was always delightfully modest; but it is a grave error to suppose that he was too modest to ask for public office, or that he blushingly waited to have honors thrust upon him. He knew how to "push" himself—this was his great art—without appearing obtrusive or pretentious.

He never held an office which he did not actively seek. He longed for the Presidency quite as ardently as he did for a seat in the Legislature in his days of handbill politics. His nomination, which appeared so providential, would scarcely have been possible but for his previous political career, his known integrity and ability, and his peculiar position with reference to the vital issues of the moment; but it was ambitiously sought, and it could hardly have been secured without the valiant efforts of such master politicians as David Davis, Norman B. Judd, Leonard Swett, Jesse W. Fell, Stephen T. Logan, and a score of other Illinois men of that era of great politicians.

Lincoln's political ambition took definite shape in his candidacy for the Legislature, when he was but 23 years old. So far as known "older men" did not suggest his candidacy; indeed, a number of them had similar aspirations, and it was left to Lincoln to suggest the matter himself. In his famous hand-bill he proved his astuteness as a politician by appropriating as his platform a proposition of vital interest to his legislative district and one of great popularity therein—the navigation of the Sangamon River. He was beaten in this initial race, but so small a thing as defeat did not in the least deter him from persistently "pushing" himself for the same office two years later, with gratifying success.

Files of newspapers of the period furnish evidence of his reputation by 1840. They show that he stood among the first of the public men of the State. "Mr. Lincoln, one of the Presidential Electors for this State," said the Quincy Whig May 28, 1840 (and the extract is here reproduced for the first time), "is 'going it with a perfect rush' in some of the interior counties. Thus far the Locofocos have not been able to start a man that can hold a candle to him in political debate. All of their crack nags that have entered the lists against him have come off the field crippled or broken down. He is now wending his way north."

In the Whig several months later are found some interesting character sketches of prominent politicians of the day. They were contained in letters from Springfield, the Legislature being in session, and were written by "A Lobby Member." He wrote:

"Abraham Lincoln of Sangamon," wrote the correspondent, "is emphatically a man of high standing, being about six feet four in his stockings, slender, and loosely built. He is, I suppose, over 30 years old, has been in the Legislature repeatedly, and was run as one of the Whig Electors at the late election. Mr. L. is a self-made man, and one of the ablest, whether as lawyer or legislator, in the State. As a speaker he is characterized by a sincerity, frankness, and evident honesty calculated to win the attention and gain the confidence of the hearer." (From Quincy Whig, Jan. 9, 1841, now first reproduced.)

From the close of his legislative career until his election to the Presidency his only important public office, except the purely honorary one of Presidential Elector, was that of Congressman. One other office, however, he did hold in that period, and it is one which has been overlooked by the biographers. He was a member of the Town Council—a circumstance showing that, while he never pretended to seek office as a public duty, he was quite willing, after political honors had been showered thick upon him, to serve his community in an office which offered neither honors nor emoluments.

Lincoln's characteristics as a young politician were precisely those of his later years. When he sought an office—which was quite frequently—he was frank enough to tell the people which particular office he desired. It was not his habit to shift the responsibility for his ambitions to that mythical legion, the candidate's "friends." He believed that the office should not be required always to "seek the man"—the man being generally able to render valuable assistance to the office in its strenuous search.

It is difficult to say what contributed most to Lincoln's early political success, for he possessed all of the qualities of a politician of the highest type—an attractive personality, vast common sense, simplicity of manner and speech, energy, honesty, courage, and candor. All of these things were potent with the plain, honest, brave, and sensible people of the pioneer era.

Nevertheless, they did not by instinct discover great men in their midst, and it is perhaps well that Lincoln did not "wait to be hunted up and pushed forward by older men."

J. McCAN DAVIS.

[Mr. J. McCan Davis of Springfield, Ill., is an authority on the early life of Lincoln, and was an extensive contributor to the series of Lincoln papers published by McClure's Magazine in 1895-'96.]

CHIEF TRAITS OF LINCOLN.

Qualities That Won for Him the Title of "Honest Abe" Enabled Him to Keep in Touch with the People and Later Be a Leader of Men.

If I were asked to enumerate the principal traits which went to make up Mr. Lincoln's great character and qualify him for the part which he was destined to play in the preservation of his country, I should mention as among the most important his strong individuality and sterling personal integrity; his sensitiveness, combined with self-con[trol; hi]s hatred of wrong and devotion to the [righ]t, as, in his own language, "God gave [me] to see the right"; his unerring logic and political sagacity, which enabled him to forecast events with such surprising accuracy; his intense humanity and unselfish patriotism, which made him the friend of the humblest and ready to sacrifice himself for the welfare of the nation. It was these qualities which, early in life, won for him the title of "Honest Abe" and, later, enabled him to rise to the full measure of the demand made upon his abilities, either upon the stump or in the Presidential chair, whether in dealing with questions of international policy or protecting the life of the republic. They enabled him, while keeping in touch with "the plain, common people," to be a leader of men.

No one who ever heard Mr. Lincoln upon the stump or in the delivery of his more important public utterances could fail to be impressed by his earnestness and the conviction that he spoke from a heart and a conscience which impelled him, first of all, to seek to be right.

It was my privilege to hear probably the most historic speech of his life—that known as the "house divided against itself speech," delivered in Springfield on the evening of June 17, 1858. I have a vivid recollection of his appearance on that historic evening, in the old Hall of Representatives in Springfield, when he startled his friends and foes alike by the utterance of truths which were confirmed, a few weeks later, by the inexorable logic of events, in which he was the chief instrument. I remember the deliberation and emphasis with which he spoke, as if he realized the full weight of the startling conclusions to which his unerring logic had led him. Less than seven years later I saw his lifeless form lying in state almost on the identical spot on which he stood when he delivered that historical address—a victim of the demon of slavery at the hands of one of its fanatical devotees, yet the victor in the face of death itself and the savior of the republic.

PAUL SELBY.

KNOWN FOR HIS TRUTH.

I lived in the same block with Mr. Lincoln, he at one end and I at the other, for a long time. I never was so surprised over anything in my life as his nomination for the Presidency. It had seemed impossible to me in the contest before the convention that so hon[est] a man as Mr. Lincoln could be nominated. I knew that he would have cut off his right arm rather than say anything that was not true.

GEORGE N. BLACK.

HOUSE IN CHICAGO WHERE FIRST CABINET SLATE WAS MADE.



This historic structure is still standing at North Clark street and Fullerton avenue. In 1860 it was the residence of Judge Ebenezer Peck, a personal friend of Mr. Lincoln.

AS A VISITOR IN CHICAGO HOMES.

AS REMEMBERED BY A WOMAN.

Mrs. Silas Wright Tells of Incidents in Which Lincoln Figured—Conference with Hannibal Hamlin in Chicago—His Sensitiveness, Simplicity, and Tenderness Illustrated.

My earliest recollection of Mr. Lincoln was when my father, Ebenezer Peck, was clerk of the Supreme Court. I was then a young girl, some 12 years old, and nothing I liked better to do than to go to my father's office, curl up on the sofa, and hear the men talk. It was all about the extension of the slave power. Among those who gathered in my father's office and talked about that great question were Mr. Lincoln, Lyman Trumbull, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Baker, and many others I do not now recall. There these men, all of whom achieved national reputations, used to discuss the slavery question for hours at a time.

I have always understood that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was made up in my father's house in Chicago. We then lived at the northeast corner of North Clark street and Fullerton avenue, our house being on a tract of land of seven acres. It is the brick house with a cupola standing back from Clark street, but with the construction of other buildings in front and around it one would hardly recognize the old place now. Mr. Lincoln had come up to Chicago to confer with Hannibal Hamlin, Vice President-elect, in regard to the Cabinet and the policy of the coming administration. My father met Mr. Lincoln down-town and he complained that he had had no chance for an uninterrupted talk with Mr. Hamlin. My father suggested that he and Mr. Hamlin come out to our house the next morning and take dinner there. They would then have a chance for an uninterrupted talk. Mr. Lincoln readily accepted his suggestion, and the next day he and Mr. Hamlin came out. They had hardly become seated in the parlor before a curious crowd gathered before the low windows, which reached to the floor. Mr. Lincoln was greatly upset by the people peering at him. He never could bear to keep people waiting, and I have been told that it was long before he became accustomed in Washington to having people wait to see him. To get out of the difficulty Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin went to a bedroom in the southeast part of the house on the second floor and there they secured at last a chance for uninterrupted conversation. They were together many hours, and there the first cast of the Cabinet slate was made up.

Soon after Mr. Lincoln's inauguration my father went to Washington as Judge in the United States Court of Claims. I was in Washington a good deal. From what little I saw of Mr. Lincoln I thought he must be much overworked and overworried. When he was living out at the Soldiers' Home his friends became greatly agitated over reports of a conspiracy to seize him and carry him off. My father was made spokesman to lay these fears before Mr. Lincoln, and I understood he gave him a sound rating for his indifference to the danger surrounding him. Mr. Lincoln's reply was that when he was tired out it annoyed him excessively for a troop of cavalrymen to ride clickety-clackety alongside of his carriage.

"They don't want me," Mr. Lincoln said to my father. "What would they do with me? Hamlin is a great deal worse than I am."

I remember my father saying that Mr. Lincoln seemed absolutely devoid of fear, and he had so little personal enmity in his makeup that he could not comprehend why anybody would want to do him an injury.

I remember my father telling how he called on Mr. Lincoln one evening. There was a single gas jet flickering in the room. Mr. Lincoln was walking up and down the room in the deepest agony. My father asked him what could be the matter.

"This is Friday, hangman's day," Mr. Lincoln replied. "I had to sign the death warrants by which five poor boys were shot today."

Then, continuing his walk up and down the room, Mr. Lincoln spoke with great feeling. "Shoot a farmer's boy for going to sleep!"

After continuing his walk a little while longer he remarked to my father that the Generals said these deaths were necessary for military discipline, but he had an idea that it was a good thing for military discipline to have his own way once in a while about shooting farmer boys for going to sleep.

My father was deeply affected by the scene, for it gave him a new insight into the character of the great President.

MRS. S. L. WRIGHT.

LINCOLN AT THE BAR.

Mrs. N. B. Judd Relates Two Anecdotes of His Forensic Powers—Twists the Button On His Coat While Speaking—Traits of Kindliness.

Among other personal reminiscences of Mr. Lincoln as I knew him many years ago that stand out vividly in my memory is one that occurred about 1856-'58. Mr. Lincoln had been called to Chicago to assist in trying a case before the United States Court, which was to decide the relative rights of railroads as against those of steamboats on the navigable rivers of the United States. Mr. Judd was the attorney of the Rock Island railroad and also of the Rock Island Bridge company. He associated with himself in this case Mr. Lincoln and Joseph Knox of Rock Island. Mr. Knox during the trial was the guest of Mr. Judd. Mr. Lincoln commenced his speech in the forenoon. When the court adjourned at noon for dinner, as was customary in those days, Mr. Knox returned to Mr. Judd's house greatly perturbed in his mind, and at the dinner table asserted that Mr. Lincoln had "given the case away" by the admissions he had made relative to the currents in the Mississippi River at the locality where the bridge crossed from the Illinois side to the islands. Mr. Judd replied: "His statement was true, was it not?" This Mr. Knox admitted. Mr. Judd then said that the admission Mr. Lincoln had made, and which was testified to by old army officers like General Franklin, would be used by him as one of the strongest arguments on the side of the bridge company, as it would prove that, knowing the facts in regard to the currents, as all Captains on the Mississippi did, it would show that it was by design that the Captain ran his boat against the pier of the bridge and not an accident, and, therefore, the bridge company was not responsible for the injury and loss of the boat. In the afternoon Mr. Lincoln carried out the line of argument as foreseen by Mr. Judd, and secured the unqualified concurrence of the Judges in his view of the case.

A few evenings later Mr. Lincoln was on the broad piazza at Mr. Judd's home on Michigan avenue, near Harrison street, and as he watched the moon rising apparently out of the water and throwing a line of dazzling light from the shore as far as the eye could see, he seemed greatly impressed with the scene and began to talk of the wondrous beauty of such a night. He then referred to the relative distances of the planets that were then to be seen in the eastern sky. Then his thoughts and words wandered farther off to the fixed stars, and he spoke with undisguised enthusiasm of God's marvelous works as seen in the stellar heavens. The knowledge of astronomy by the ancients as shown in the book of Job led him to refer to their knowledge of many of the arts and sciences, the data of each seeming perfectly familiar to him.

With the freedom of an old friend I said: "Mr. Lincoln, how comes it about that a busy man like you has collated and systematized in his mind so many facts which you could have gleaned only from a study of the Old Testament?" "O," he replied, "I can explain that to you. Once when on the circuit a lot of lawyers were gathered together of an evening and the question came up as to what age of the world brass first came into use. I remembered that Tubal Cain, the son of Lamech, was a worker in brass and iron, and that his brother Jubal was a maker of harps and organs. I sent for a Bible to substantiate my statement. That started a new train of thought to me, and, as I had time, I went through the Old Testament and made a record of all the discoveries or inventions given in that book in the field of the arts and sciences. About that time I was invited to give a lecture before the Young Men's Literary society at Bloomington. I used the notes I had taken in preparing my lecture and that fixed the facts firmly in my memory."

As long ago as 1844, when I made my first visit to Springfield, Mr. Lincoln had a high reputation as a speaker at the bar, and as I had never been present at the sittings of a court my husband invited Mrs. I. N. Arnold, whose husband was also a member of the Legislature, to visit the United States District Court, Judge Pope presiding. As we entered the courtroom Mr. Lincoln was speaking. Judge Pope, seeing us enter, sent a messenger to invite Mrs. Arnold and myself to sit with him on the bench. We accepted his invitation and the Judge immediately explained to us the case, which was the refusal of an insurance company to pay the insurance on a mill at Peoria which had been burned. With this knowledge as a basis it was easy to follow Mr. Lincoln's argument, which was so logical and clear that it seemed certain that he must win his side of the case. But what held our attention almost as much as his argument was his effort, unconsciously, as was evident, to himself, to detach the button at the waist line of the back of his coat. He worked the thumb of his right hand under it until the cloth began to give way, then seemed to forget it for a time, but unawares to himself it was not long before his thumb [illegible] at intervals until he finished his argument and had torn his coat nearly an inch in two directions. I wondered what account he could or would give his wife when she discovered it.

In social life Mr. Lincoln was often a leader in conversation, but he was never oracular and was a good listener as well as invariably an interesting talker. His attachment to his friends was warm, although he was not demonstrative in manner, and yet he knew how to send a pleasant message that went far to rivet the bond of friendship. When bidding good-by to Mr. Judd in 1861, when he was leaving for Germany, he said: "I want you to take a message to two friends of mine. I want you to say to Mrs. Trumbull and Mrs. Judd that there is nothing that could be said and no influences that could ever surround me that could ever weaken my regard for them, or my appreciation of their friendship for me." It was a message that gave a great deal of pleasure to both Mrs. Trumbull and myself, and I am sure that when I meet Mr. Lincoln in the "Great Beyond" not one of those I knew in earlier years will give me a kindlier welcome to that blessed home which waits the children of God when earth's pilgrimage is ended and the more glorious life begins.

MRS. N. B. JUDD,
Widow of N. B. Judd, who placed Mr. Lincoln in nomination in the Chicago convention.

COURT CRIER ON LINCOLN.

Thomas W. S. Kidd, Who Heard Him in Many Cases, Makes an Estimate of His Ability as a Lawyer—Tells of His Care, Earnestness, and Clear Reasoning Powers.

"Was Mr. Lincoln regarded as a good lawyer?"

This question has been propounded to me on a great many occasions, and, strange as it may appear, frequently by men of unquestioned reputation for ability as lawyers.

I was with Mr. Lincoln in the Circuit Court of Sangamon County, with him in the Supreme Court of the State, and with him in the United States Circuit and District Courts for the Southern District of Illinois. It was here where my opportunity came to estimate his qualities of mind, his capacity to comprehend, and ability to make use of them as a lawyer, and I conscientiously took advantage of these opportunities to form an honest estimate of him as a lawyer.

Abraham Lincoln was a good lawyer. He was a great thinker, a characteristic of all good lawyers. He thought with a fixed purpose when evolving in his mind the principles of law upon which he could rely for success. He argued his case with the court or jury upon this line, applying the principles of law to his case as he proceeded—with an earnestness peculiarly his own—in his effort to dovetail a perfect case before the minds of his auditors. He prepared his cases carefully, always had them well in hand, ready to meet the anticipated opposition of his antagonists; studied the theory of his attacks as plaintiff or defendant. He was a deliberate counselor and unsullied attorney, a lawyer well versed in the law, common or statutory, State, federal, or international, and his power of reasoning when endeavoring to reach a means of proving a fact material to his case or disposing of one depended upon by his adversary was peculiarly his own, and one which but few pens could describe.

THOMAS W. S. KIDD,
Crier of the Court from 1856 to 1874.

HIS STUDY IN GERMAN.

Along in the winter of 1849-'50 a class of us began the study of German in Lincoln & Herndon's office. I think Mr. Lincoln, when in Congress, had seen the necessity for a better education in foreign languages, and so when a German teacher came from Philadelphia he helped to get up a school for him. Mr. Lincoln's sense of humor stood in the way of our doing much, and after twelve or fourteen lessons we gave it up. The lessons too often were stopped by Mr. Lincoln being reminded of something to be of much use in the mastery of German. Yet with all his jocularity Mr. Lincoln was a serious man, and those who came in contact with him well realize it.

A. W. FRENCH.

WHERE THE JOINT DEBATES WERE ARRANGED.

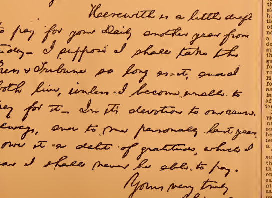


In the Village of Bement, in Piatt County, Ill., stands a small one-story house that is entitled to a place in history. It is the house in which the arrangements for the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates were made in 1858. The house at that time was the residence of F. E. Bryant, who was a warm personal friend of Judge Douglas. Judge and Mrs. Douglas were guests at the Bryant residence for a week in 1858, and it was during that week the debate was arranged.

Abraham Lincoln, while stumping the State in his campaign for United States Senator, spoke at Monticello. From there he was brought to Bement, a distance of seven miles, in a light spring wagon. He also was a guest at the Bryant residence, and on that evening in the parlor the primary arrangements of the noted debates were made, Mr. Lincoln and Judge Douglas spending the evening together in a friendly manner while the details of the plan were being gone over.

The house does not now stand in its original location. It was moved half a block westward a few years ago, and on its original site Mr. Bryant had a handsome modern residence erected. The house as it now stands is but little changed from what it was in 1858. Mr. Bryant died in 1889, after an active life. He was a prominent Democrat, and while in the Illinois Legislature was the originator of an appropriation bill which gave the first appropriation of $60,000 for the University of Illinois. H[illegible] of William Cullen Bryant.

MR. LINCOLN AN OLD TRIBUNE SUBSCRIBER.



Springfield June 15. 1859

Press & Tribune Co

Gentlemen

Herewith is a little draft to pay for your Daily another year from to-day— I suppose I shall take the Press & Tribune so long as it, and I both live, unless I become unable to pay for it— In it's devotion to our cause always, and to me personally last year, I owe it a debt of gratitude, which I fear I shall never be able to pay.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln

FIRST LIFE OF LINCOLN.

Collectors of Lincolniana cannot fail to feel a lively interest in a book shortly to be issued by Mrs. F. B. Dyche of Evanston, Ill. It is an elaborate reprint of the first published life of Abraham Lincoln, which was written in 1860 by Mrs. Dyche's father, John Locke Scripps, and was issued as a campaign biography by THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE and the New York Tribune. Copies of this early work have become so rare that after five years of search Mrs. Dyche has been able to locate only four complete copies in the United States. She is now issuing a reprint edition of it limited to 240 copies in plain but heavy binding and printed somewhat after the style of the Kelmscott editions of William Morris' works.

Mr. Scripps was one of the owners and editors of THE TRIBUNE at the time when he wrote this biography. He was a warm personal friend of Lincoln and was appointed Postmaster of Chicago early in Lincoln's administration. He obtained his biographical materials largely from Lincoln himself, both in the form of memoranda and verbally, and the work was issued in thirty-two closely printed pages after the prevailing style of campaign pamphlets. W. D. Howells and others wrote brief biographies a little later, but this was the first and also the most authentic. It has been drawn upon liberally for the more elaborate works of later years. Mrs. Dyche is issuing the reprint as a memorial to her father.

The special value of the work lies in the fact that it passed under Mr. Lincoln's immediate revision. This fact was attested by the late Joseph Medill, who said he remembered the pamphlet well, though he had not seen a copy since the great fire of 1871, and who wrote to Mrs. Dyche in 1895: "Your father was never satisfied with the pamphlet because Lincoln insisted on pruning out of it many of its most readable and interesting passages—in regard to Lincoln's early life and other matters."

If further proof of Lincoln's imprimatur were needed it would be found in a curious anecdote that comes out in a letter written by Mr. Scripps to Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. It seems that the biographer, knowing the sheets were to be corrected by Lincoln, inserted at a venture the statement that Lincoln had read "Plutarch's Lives." When the advance sheets reached Lincoln he sent for Mr. Scripps and said gravely:

"That paragraph wherein you state that I read 'Plutarch's Lives' was not true when you wrote it, for up to that moment in my life I had never seen that contribution to human history. But I want your book, even if it is nothing more than a campaign sketch, to be faithful to the facts, and in order that that statement might be literally true I secured the book a few days ago and have sent for you to tell you I have just read it through."

This letter is now in the possession of Jesse W. Weik, who purchased Mr. Herndon's correspondence from his executors.

In her interesting preface Mrs. Dyche details the further trials she encountered in trying to find a copy of this pamphlet, for she possessed only a mutilated copy. Robert T. Lincoln wrote that not a single copy had come down to him among his father's papers. Whitelaw Reid wrote that not a trace of it could be found in the New York Tribune office, owing to the fact that the counting-room had "undergone two removals, one riot, and some small fires in the interval." Finally a letter to John G. Nicolay at Washington elicited the fact that he had a copy of the lost life of Lincoln bound in a book with other pamphlets, and he generously supplied the missing portions to Mrs. Dyche.

Two letters written by Mr. Scripps to Mr. Herndon bear on the subject with unusual interest, especially the one—written in 1865—in which the early biographer welcomes the news that Mr. Herndon was about to write a book on Lincoln. After modestly remarking that he might improve his own sketch if he had it to do again, he continued:

> It is gratifying, however, to see that the same qualities in Lincoln to which I then gave greatest prominence are those on which his fame ever chiefly rests. Is it not true that this is the leading lesson of Lincoln's life—that true and enduring greatness—the greatness that will survive the corrosion and abrasion of time, change, and progress—must rest upon character? In certain showy and what are understood to be most desirable endowments, how many Americans have surpassed him! Yet how he looms above them now! Not eloquence, nor logic, nor grasp of thought; not statesmanship, nor power of command, nor courage—not any or all of these have made him what he is, but these, in the degree in which he possessed them, conjoined to those certain qualities comprised in the term character, have given him his fame, have made him for all time to come the great American man—the grand central figure in American (perhaps the world's) history.

This eloquent summing up of Lincoln's character is not only as true today as it was thirty-five years ago, but it will be far more universally accepted now than it was then. When it is remembered that John L. Scripps showed the same remarkable insight into Lincoln's character in his campaign biography of a comparatively obscure man forty years ago, there will be no question of the wisdom of his daughter in reissuing the work in question.

One does not have to read far in this original "Life of Abraham Lincoln" to discover that it deserves Mr. Nicolay's comment of "Remarkably well written." Its style is chaste and its English faultless. It is sparing in its adjectives, conservative and just in its statements, and it contains no line of overpraise. Yet it has plenty of color and perspective, and is as full of life and interest today as it was in the heat of the campaign of 1860.

Mr. Scripps used no more anecdotes than were necessary to fill his well-rounded biographical plan, but his sketch of Lincoln's early life contains many characteristic touches. The story of how the boy learned to read, and how he became the general letter-writer for the whole Indiana neighborhood in which he lived is well told. His love for books leads to this little known anecdote:

> When he was 14 or 15 years of age he learned that one Mr. Crawford, a distant neighbor, had in his house Ramsey's "Life of Washington." He at once borrowed the book and devoured its contents. By some accident the volume was exposed to a shower and badly damaged. Young Lincoln had no money, but he knew how to work. He went to Crawford, told him what had happened, and expressed his readiness to work out the full value of the book. Crawford had a field of corn, which had been stripped of the blades as high as the ear, preparatory to cutting off the tops for winter fodder for his cattle. He expressed his willingness to square accounts if Lincoln would cut the tops from that field of corn. The offer was promptly accepted, and, with three days of hard labor, the book was paid for and young Lincoln returned home the proud possessor of another volume.

Another anecdote tells of an attempt made by seven negroes to rob the flatboat on which Lincoln made his first voyage to New Orleans. They noticed that the boat was in charge of but two persons, and they evidently planned to murder the young men in a night attack. But Lincoln and his companion were on their guard and gave the would-be assassins a warm reception. After a severe struggle, in which both youths were considerably hurt, the robbers were driven from the boat. The young navigators lost no time in getting their craft out of that locality.

A speech by Richard Yates is quoted, in which he depicted Lincoln "in the Sangamon River, with his trousers rolled up some five feet, more or less, trying to pilot a flatboat over a milldam." That was the time when he bailed out the boat by boring a hole in the bottom—where the prow projected over the dam. In the chapter dealing with Lincoln's career as a lawyer reference is made to the "peculiarity" which led him so often to give his professional services gratis to a poor man who had right on his side. Among his early political achievements stress is laid upon the skill with which he defeated Calhoun in a debate on the tariff question. The biography naturally gives a large share of space to the Lincoln-Douglas debates of 1858, quoting liberally from his speeches, especially that eloquent final speech in which he said of Douglas:

> He cannot say people have a right to do wrong. That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles—right and wrong—throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and they will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity, and the other the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says: "You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it."

The strongest points in Lincoln's career and character are brought out with remarkable skill. Mr. Scripps ended his biography with a frank description of Lincoln's personal appearance and of his habits and principles, closing with these prophetic words: "He will take to the Presidential chair just the qualities which the country now demands to save it from impending destruction—ability that no man can question, firmness that nothing can overbear, honesty that never has been impeached, and patriotism that never despairs."

The volume which Mrs. Dyche is thus bringing back to life is altogether worthy of its handsome new garb and is worth preserving both for its intrinsic value and for its historical associations.

AROUND CORNER STORE.

The store of Wallace & Diller early became the visiting place of Mr. Lincoln, for Mr. Wallace was his brother-in-law. When the firm subsequently changed, its drug store continued to be Mr. Lincoln's headquarters when he went down-town and did not go to his office. The firm began business Aug. 10, 1849. Its building was burned in February, 1858 and the present store then was erected. I remember when the store was burning meeting Mr. Lincoln with an armful of bottles he was trying to save. He stubbed his toe near the door and dropped all the bottles. He said he was no good as a bottle carrier, and left the building. He returned, however, to help carry out the stove. There were a great many associations around that stove, which was replaced in the new store. Around it there gathered a crowd of fifteen or twenty almost every evening when there was nothing going on in town. Among the names I now recall were N. H. Ridgeley, General Brayman, William B. Fundey, Ed Baker, and Mr. Lincoln. The group talked of everything under the heavens. Most frequently the talk ran to politics. Whatever the theme, Mr. Lincoln always had his story to illustrate the point he wanted to make. In those days men were a great deal more profane than they now are, but in the talk around that stove I never heard Mr. Lincoln use an oath. When he got started with his sarcasm in an argument he was merciless, and I have heard him furnish a more complete answer to an argument by a story than an hour's talk would have done.

My house was at the corner of Jackson and Seventh streets and he lived at Jackson and Eighth streets. When I went to dinner the day he was nominated I passed him on his way down home with a telegram in his hand.

"There is a little woman down here who is interested," he said.

"I'm awful glad Springfield has a candidate for the Presidency," I said, "but I've got to vote for Little Doug."

"That won't make any difference with us, Rolley," he replied in his usual kindly tone, and passed on. The nomination did not affect him in the slightest. All through the campaign, although he was running for the highest gift in the hands of the people, he was just the same Lincoln. He would talk with anybody, white, black, yellow, or green. Of course he did not come to the store so much, for people went to his office to see him and kept him there.

I often have been asked where Mr. Lincoln got all the stories he told and if he made them up. A great many of them were based on his personal experience and were altered to suit his sense of what a story should be to be effective. Then everybody in the country who liked good stories always came straight to Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Wallace with a new one. Wallace liked good stories, but he never told one where he got the point right. I have seen Judges on the circuit come straight to the store from the stage and swap stories with Mr. Lincoln. It was before the time of newspapers such as we have now, and the story was the chief thing with those who had the sense of humor. I do not think Mr. Lincoln ever brought forth from his imagination a single story, but they were based on what he had seen or heard. Many of the stories, however, were so changed in his way of telling them that the man who invented them would not have recognized his work. He almost always told his stories around the stove to illustrate a point in his argument. And they did.

Even after he was elected to the Presidency not a shade difference could be seen in Mr. Lincoln. I remember hearing a great racket in the street in front of my house and stepped on the porch to see what was the matter. Mr. Lincoln was coming down the street with Tod and Will hanging to his coattails. They were yelling at the top of their voices.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Lincoln?" I asked.

"Same old trouble since the world began," he replied, as he pushed his way along up the street, dragging the boys behind him. "I have three walnuts in my pockets and each of the boys wants two."

I never will forget the figure Mr. Lincoln with his long form out in playing handball. He was certainly the awkwardest man I ever saw.

R. W. DILLER.

LINCOLN AT YALE.

How the "Rail Splitter" Impressed the College Men—Contempt for the Westerner Gives Way to Respect for the Man—Comment of a Missouri Student.

I was a student at Yale College when I first saw Mr. Lincoln. At that time the Connecticut State elections were held annually in the spring, and in Presidential years looked upon and utilized as forecasts of the political weather in the fall. Although this was the year in which Mr. Lincoln was elected President, only six months previous he was, in the East at least, scarcely mentioned for the nomination. At least half of Mr. Lincoln's audience were students, non-voters. Many of them had come with a good-natured, half-contemptuous condescension to gaze upon the Western rail splitter, and, perhaps, to listen as long as they found him interesting. When that tall, gaunt, long-armed, long-legged, awkward form lifted itself up, a titter went over the room. The apartment was called Union Hall, and seated scarcely 500. The platform was high, the ceiling low, and it looked as though before Mr. Lincoln had done rising he would bump his head, and, indeed, after he had fairly pulled himself out his full length there was little space left above him.

But that was the last feeling of contempt, ridicule, or even condescension that the audience indulged in. He had scarcely spoken three minutes before he controlled beyond their power to break away the attention of every one there. His success as a "spellbinder" was beyond all question.

There were a few Southerners among the students, some of whom were credited with the intention of disturbing the meeting. But they never had the chance if they wanted one. One of them sat next to me open-eared and open-mouthed, from the beginning to the end. When Lincoln stopped and sat down this Missourian exclaimed with an oath: "That fellow could shut up old Euclid himself, to say nothing of Steve Douglas."

EDWARD GOODMAN HOLDEN.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG.

The National Cemetery at Gettysburg was the first to be inaugurated. A short time after the battle David Wills, a prominent citizen of the town, addressed a letter to the Governor of Pennsylvania, Andrew G. Curtin, proposing that a movement be made immediately to purchase grounds on what was known as "Cemetery Hill" from the city cemetery, already there. All about this hill was desperate fighting, as it was an important strategic point. Mr. Wills recommended that the State of Pennsylvania take the initiative, and that other States whose soldiers had fallen in the battle be invited to join him in the work of gathering together the remains of their heroes, then only partly buried where they fell, over a radius of many miles.

Governor Curtin at once approved of the suggestion. The grounds were purchased, and the other States were invited to coöperate in the movement. Every State called upon made appropriations, in all amounting to $120,323.

There were recovered from the battlefield and buried in this National Cemetery 3,564 of the dead, of whom the no less honored but unknown numbered 979. Every grave so far as the bodies were identified has its granite headstone, with the name of its hero, and there rises among them a grand central monument commemorating their achievements. This work was carried out by a Board of Commissioners from each State, appointed by its Governor. It seemed appropriate and necessary that, when this was accomplished, the whole patriotic people of the country should be invited to unite in some ceremonies of consecration.

Edward Everett of Massachusetts was at that time regarded as the first living American orator, and it was decided to invite him to deliver the oration. We had fixed the date of the exercises for Oct. 23, but found that Mr. Everett's engagements were such that he could not have time to make the necessary preparations and be with us until later in the following month. In reply to the invitation as one of the reasons for asking more time, he spoke of the occasion as "one of great importance, not to be dismissed with a few sentimental or patriotic commonplaces." So great was the desire to have Mr. Everett that the exercises were deferred nearly a month to suit his convenience, and were fixed for Nov. 19.

In considering the program of exercises it was suggested that Mr. Lincoln be especially asked to speak. While there was no positive objection to this it was said that this would not be an occasion suitable to his accustomed manner of speaking; that, while in forensic debate or in the discussion of legal or political problems, he excelled, he could scarcely be expected to be equal to such a memorial occasion. It was also said that he could not, in the midst of his great responsibilities, take the time to prepare himself. It was urged, on the other hand, that there could be no harm in asking him to speak, and this was decided upon. It must be remembered that up to that time the country at large estimated Mr. Lincoln's forensic powers and his ability in composition almost entirely from the perusal of his debates with Douglas, his Cooper Institute speech, and from his state papers. Few members of the board had ever heard him, but most of them had read his speeches in the newspapers. One member had heard him upon many occasions, and he earnestly urged that Mr. Lincoln be especially invited to speak. Senator Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota, a member of the commission, who still survives, honored and esteemed by all who know him, expressed a willingness to see the President and suggest it to him on his return from Washington, which he and Senator Thomas W. Ferry of Michigan, also a member of the commission, did, and it was arranged.

The President, with Secretary Seward and others, arrived on the afternoon preceding the exercises by special train from Washington, and the Governors of States, the diplomats, and other distinguished personages followed.

The great day opened balmy and beautiful. The inhabitants were astir early and moving about on the brick sidewalks and pavements of this typical old Pennsylvania town. Strangers soon began to arrive in carriages and on railway trains by hundreds and thousands. I had ridden on the day before from Harrisburg in a freight car with board seats, improvised for the occasion, all filled, and had for company an ex-Governor of Pennsylvania. It was estimated that there were 100,000 people assembled there on that day. There was a great military and civic procession from the town to the grounds, the President riding on horseback. The delegations were preceded by brass bands playing funeral dirges. There were quite a number of banners fringed with somber draperies.

In order to appreciate the interest and solemnity of that day one must consider that only about four months before a mighty hostile army was making headway in its march toward the north; that its legions had been in Pennsylvania, menacing its capital and threatening New York, and Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and Washington. We were still in the midst of the war and the enemy had turned again to renew the struggle and only a few miles away was confronting the Army of the Potomac. General Grant was still fighting in the West; the mighty conflicts down the Potomac, on the James, in the Shenandoah valley, and in the Wilderness were still before us. And there on that 19th day of November, 1863, with the graves of 3,500 who had fallen in that one battle at our feet, the existence of the nation was still trembling in the balance.

There was a prayer of consecration by the Rev. Dr. Stockton, chaplain of the United States Senate, the reading of letters of regret, and Edward Everett began his oration.

In comparing Mr. Everett with Mr. Lincoln there has been a disposition to do him injustice. Among all the splendid efforts of this great orator none has surpassed, if any have equaled, his address on that occasion. In elegance of diction and grandeur of conception the address of Edward Everett at Gettysburg was superb. No orator had ever more earnestly or more studiously prepared himself. He had come to Gettysburg soon after accepting the invitation, and for several days had gone over and studied the battlefield with the maps and drawings that had been prepared before him, and so in his address he was able to give an excellent account of all the movements so correctly, that it has been said if every other thing relating to it should be lost or destroyed the address of Mr. Edward Everett would be sufficient to give posterity a good idea of the great battle. An address so exhaustive was necessarily long, occupying nearly three hours. His voice was good, but it was not suited to an outdoor audience. Seated upon the stage near him we could hear, but of that vast audience comparatively few were able to do so.

I saw the President several times during his stay in Gettysburg. To him the ceremony was apparently the saddest of funerals. I looked at him occasionally while Mr. Everett was speaking. There was no one who seemed so intensely interested. He made no demonstration of approval except that of most respectful and earnest attention. When Mr. Everett concluded he rose to grasp his hand and to say something I could not hear.

A dirge was chanted at the close of Mr. Everett's oration, and then the President of the United States was introduced.

I had heard Mr. Lincoln many times in Illinois, had heard him in debate with Senator Douglas and in other political speeches; had heard his first inaugural. But I had never seen any one who seemed so majestic as he seemed when he rose and towered before that great audience. Yet majestic as he was, I had never before witnessed such benignity as when he began to speak. Every eye was fixed upon him, and there was such solemn silence as when, within consecrated walls, men feel that they are in the presence of deity.

I had never heard that familiar voice ring out so clear and reach so far as when he began with "Four-score and seven years ago our fathers." Loud and far reaching as was his voice, he had it under perfect control, and, observing every proper inflection, he maintained its strength until he closed. When he exclaimed: "We cannot consecrate, we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground, the brave men living and dead who struggled here have consecrated it above our power to add or detract, the world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it will never forget what they did here"—it was in a tone of ineffable tenderness, and there was a tremor in his voice which showed how difficult it was for him to restrain himself from giving way to his emotions. Every one was deeply affected by the pathos of these utterances.

In the publication of the proceedings issued by the Board of Commissioners, Mr. Everett's address occupied thirty-one pages, while in the same type Mr. Lincoln's address occupies only one half of one page. In Mr. Lincoln's address there are only ten sentences, still it has all the elements of a finished oration. There is the exordium, introduction or premises, laid down with the most perfect order and exactitude. There is the argument, so strong as to be irresistible. There is the illustration that arrests the attention, and makes clear the argument, and there is the peroration so striking and lofty and sublime, as to be quoted more than anything else in our literature.

The premises, as laid down, savor of the pleadings in a law case, or of a proposition in geometry.

First—"Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Second—"Now we are engaged in a great civil war testing whether that nation, or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated can long endure."

Third—"We are met on a great battlefield of that war."

Fourth—"We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who gave their lives that that nation might live."

If one will follow the address through he will find that, short as it is, it answers every requirement of rhetorical criticism as completely as do the premises so carefully and accurately laid, until the final peroration.

Great as was the effect on the audience and on the country, the address of Mr. Lincoln at Gettysburg was not at once recognized as a master production. It was so short, and so direct, and so simple, that it did not for some time find a place among the gems of literature. I remember one criticism was that, while it was all right so far as it went, Mr. Lincoln would have shown more appreciation of the importance of the occasion if, instead of making a few remarks, he had taken time to prepare a regular address. While it was highly commended, the first recognition of it as a masterpiece that I remember was by the Edinburg Review, which declared that it had never been equaled except perhaps by Pericles in his oration pronounced upon the heroes of the Peloponnesian war.

There were frequent comparisons made between the two efforts—that of Mr. Everett and that of Mr. Lincoln—all to the disparagement of the former, but much of the criticism was manifestly unjust. Mr. Everett was the orator of the day, whose province it was to pronounce an eulogium upon the dead who had there fallen, to tell of the deeds they had performed, and portray the incidents of the great battle and its results. That he most ably and eloquently performed his part is apparent to every one who heard or has read his splendid oration. Mr. Lincoln bore upon his shoulders the responsibilities of the whole great nation. Appreciating as did scarcely any one else the deeds and sacrifices of those who had there fallen, and all that was gained by the great victory, he realized as did no one else that without still more devotion, more self-denial, more heroism, more carnage, and more blood, those who in their hallowed graves lay about him had died in vain; and he gave every one of those martyred heroes a tongue to beseech with an eloquence never before equaled and an earnestness that could not be disregarded every living loyal American to then "highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

CLARK E. CARR.

LOVED HIS FELLOW MEN.

Eloquent in His Own Peculiar Style in the Use of Forceful Saxon Monosyllables—Most Popular Whig Member of the House—Always Used the Subjunctive.

Mr. Lincoln was already a distinguished character in Illinois when I came to the State in 1837. When the Legislature met for the first time in Springfield, the new capital of the State, in the fall of 1839, I was present for two days, but Mr. Lincoln did not make himself conspicuous while I was there. In the summer following, however, during the Presidential "Hard Cider" campaign, Mr. Lincoln canvassed the State effectively in behalf of General William Henry Harrison, and it was when he visited Mount Carmel, the county seat of Wabash County, that I became personally acquainted with him. His first address was delivered in the courthouse in the afternoon, when there were a number of women in the audience. He was tall and rather ungainly in appearance, but dignified and eloquent in his own peculiar style in the use of forceful Saxon monosyllables. His speech in the evening was made to a houseful of men and boys, when he seemed to let himself down to their level, pouring forth a torrent of witticisms and anecdotes which aroused the wildest bursts of applause. Being a member of the opposing party I did not join in the hilarity, but I could not but admire the skill, humor, and fairness of his platitudes, and when I met him afterward I was charmed by his unostentatious deportment and genial manners.

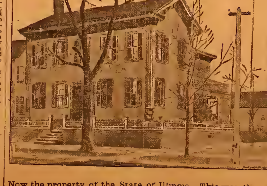
In the fall of 1840 I went to Springfield and spent the winter there acting during a portion of the time as assistant enrolling clerk of the Senate. In my official connection with a number of subsequent Legislatures of Illinois, and a visitor to others, I can think of none which surpassed that of 1840 in the number of brilliant men. Hardin was the most active Whig member in the House, but Lincoln was more popular because of his uniform courtesy. While Douglas, then Secretary of State, was extremely positive in all his assertions of facts, Lincoln always used the subjunctive. He would say: "If you will examine the record of such a date or on such a page I think you will find this to be true," never closing the door so that an opponent could not contest his position without questioning his veracity.

When President Taylor died in 1850 Mr. Lincoln was requested to deliver an obituary address at South Market Hall in Chicago. Three o'clock in the afternoon was the time set for the address. About twenty minutes before the hour set I called upon him at his hotel. I found him sitting alone on the sidewalk on the shady side of the hotel, which stood where the Sherman House now stands. There was no committee there to escort him to the hall, and after a few minutes' conversation he remarked that it was about time to go to the hall. He was simply dressed in his traveling suit, and we walked to the hall together, I having the honor of being his only escort. There were some 200 or 300 people assembled to hear him. He made an unpretentious address, giving a sketch of the life and service of Zachary Taylor and closed it with a somewhat dramatic pronouncement of the entire poem so often quoted by him: "O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

Like Ben Adham, he loved his fellow-men.

A. J. GALLOWAY.

LINCOLN HOMESTEAD AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



Now the property of the State of Illinois. This was the only real estate Mr. Lincoln ever owned.

TAKING DOWN THE LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD, ILL.



Owing to Insecure Foundations This Memorial Is Being Reconstructed at a Cost of Nearly $100,000.

TRIBUTES OF ILLINOIS STATESMEN.

SHELBY M. CULLOM.

Abraham Lincoln was the most illustrious man of the century in which he lived. He was the greatest man since the days of Washington. The future historian will place them side by side as the father and savior of their country. John Bright said that the life of Lincoln is written in imperishable characters in the history of the great American Republic. Lincoln never showed pride in his political elevation which was not based on the belief that he might benefit the people. His great desire was to benefit his people, the country, and mankind. The life of Lincoln belongs to the world. No State or nation can claim him as its own.

JAMES R. MANN.

When Lincoln was inaugurated the nation was without money or credit. The army was disrupted and the navy scattered and useless. Credit was restored, abundance of money was obtained, the army was reorganized and increased to vast proportions, a navy was built for effective use and the most gigantic rebellion of all times defeated. Such results could be accomplished only by the rapid work of stupendous genius at the head of affairs. Tyrants or men of iron usually succeed best under such circumstances. But the loveliness of Lincoln's character is shown by the fact that at the end of the rebellion he was beloved by the people of the North and respected by the people in the rebellious South. As the years recede we can see better the loftiness of his grandeur, though we are still too close to realize fully the great height to which his soul reached in life. Washington and Lincoln! What nation can match them in all history?

HENRY S. BOUTELL.

Every one who visits Lincoln Park in Chicago is impressed by the simple majesty of its statue of Lincoln. The artist has succeeded in representing in imperishable bronze the strongest traits of Lincoln's character.

If you stand before it when a northeast storm is beating upon it, as the storms of political rage and hate beat upon President Lincoln during the years of his sorest trials, this statue will speak to you of his stern integrity, his rugged independence, his tireless patience, his iron fortitude, and through the roar of the storm you may hear again the calm, solemn words spoken by him on one of the darkest days of 1864:

"If it were not for my firm belief in an overruling providence it would be difficult for me, in the midst of such complications of affairs, to keep my reason on its seat."

But there is one phase of Lincoln's character that this statue expresses at all times, and this is Lincoln's deep sense of the seriousness of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship. To a class of law students in 1850 he said: "Resolve to be honest, at all events; and if in your judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer resolve to be honest without being a lawyer." And in the earnestness of purpose with which Lincoln discharged his duties as a private citizen and as a public officer he set an example of civic virtue. This is a flippant age. There is a growing tendency to treat bribery and corruption as the themes for jest instead of the objects of fierce denunciation. Lincoln's whole earnest life was a mighty protest against this indifferent, selfish flippant view of the obligations of citizenship.

ALBERT J. HOPKINS.

In early manhood Lincoln was transplanted from Kentucky to Indiana and then over to the broad prairies of Illinois. His life until he located at Springfield differed little from that of any other early settler. And yet, as we go back over the years that intervened from the time that he first became a resident of Illinois to the time when he attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens and became the leader of a great political organization, we can see the weird influences that the limitless prairies of the State exerted over his sensitive nature. It was an influence that developed the better part of his manhood and made him a character difficult to understand. The notion is prevalent in this country, and especially in the cultured East, that no man can be great in all that the term implies without having received the benefit of a higher education. This is a great mistake. Lincoln would have been spoiled in the schools. The world was his university and the men whom he met in daily conflict in the courts were the professors who taught him. When Wendell Phillips learned of his nomination for President by the Republican party he inquired in indignant tones: "Who is this huckster and why is a county court lawyer selected over the distinguished statesman from New York?" And yet at that moment there is no doubt whatever he was the best qualified man for that exalted office among all the candidates whose names were presented at that convention. Many of the most careful students of our political history believe that had any other man than Mr. Lincoln been elected President in 1860 the confederates would have been successful and the republic would have been destroyed.

If there be a destiny which controls the affairs of men, Lincoln certainly was a child of fortune. His remarkable, if not wonderful, career cannot be squared with any tests that are applied to the average man, be he ever so eminent. I sometimes think in contemplating the life and character of this remarkable man that Henry Watterson is correct when he asserts he was inspired.

GEORGE W. PRINCE.

Mr. Lincoln was easily the foremost character of the century in which he lived. Wherein was his greatness? It consisted of his knowledge of human kind and his sympathy for his race. He was plain, he was honest, he was approachable, he had enough education to meet every duty which he had to perform, but above and beyond this he possessed the heart which was approachable and ever beat in sympathy with the humble and the lowly. Today, perhaps, we may have men who have greater head power, but none of them possesses his heart power. The power of love and sympathy is stronger than the power of intellect and education. Mr. Lincoln possessed in a preëminent degree common sense and heart power.

B. F. MARSH.

It was said by Solomon: "There is nothing new under the sun," and, applied to Abraham Lincoln, it is certainly true that nothing can be said of him that has not been said. The one characteristic of the man that has most impressed me was the simplicity of his life and the completeness with which he always recognized the full "Brotherhood of man."

THOMAS M. JETT.

The impress of Lincoln on our institutions will only pass away with them; there will not come a time while they live but that any American citizen would be glad to say more of him if by so doing more luster could be added to the name of this illustrious American. Lincoln was an American—no caste, no coat of arms, no eminence of birth. To pull him out of birth obscure, notwithstanding, it has pleased a respectable number of writers of his life to undertake the task of tracing his ancestry to the house of Lincoln, in the hope that they might weave into his life an escutcheon, thinking to add greatness to his name, but all failed, as they should.

JOSEPH G. CANNON.

For hundreds of years among English-speaking people those who have accomplished most in administration, in legislation, in literature and in science have come from the great masses of the people and were of the people. In their leadership they have generally met with the greatest resistance while they were in action, frequently losing their lives in the performance of their duty and because of their leadership. Abraham Lincoln was of this class of men. In less than a generation there is not one individual to be found who does not hold in grateful remembrance the character and the services of this man of the people. In the progress of the race other great conquests will come and other great leaders will be found. The fidelity and achievements of Mr. Lincoln will strengthen all the people in these contests and be ever present as an inspiration to those trusted with power to follow his example.

VESPASIAN WARNER.

Abraham Lincoln was purely an American and the greatest man of our time. With the ripening of our knowledge, it more clearly appears that he was created for his great mission. His life and training, his hardships and trials, were but the preparation of the man for the mighty tasks before him; and, in the light of all he said and did, it can hardly be doubted he anticipated the high place he was to take among men. His life is a romance, a sermon, an inspiration, and a star of hope for all who may come after him under the government he saved and strengthened. It tells the poorest, most humble, and obscure, that, under our institutions and principles, no door is hopelessly closed against honest worth, ambition, and endeavor.

BEN F. CALDWELL.

I now represent in Congress part of the district which Mr. Lincoln represented as a Whig from 1847 to 1849 in the Thirtieth Congress. I remember quite well that when a small boy I saw Mr. Lincoln after his nomination in his law office, where I went with my father, who employed the firm of which Mr. Lincoln was a member as his attorneys.

The next and only other time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln was in the heat of the campaign, when, at a political gathering on the old State Fair grounds in the west part of the City of Springfield, I saw him carried by a wild and cheering crowd from a carriage to the speaker's platform.

The older residents of Springfield, and for that matter of the entire County of Sangamon, still delight, regardless of party, to repeat many of Mr. Lincoln's quaint sayings and admirably told jokes and anecdotes.

The office desk on which Mr. Lincoln wrote his first inaugural message is to be seen in the Leland Hotel in Springfield, while only three blocks distant from that hotel is the residence occupied by Mr. Lincoln at the time of his election.

While I am a Democrat, and always have been, it affords me great pleasure to say of my predecessor in Congress that, regardless of politics and everything else, the people of Sangamon County and central Illinois who knew Mr. Lincoln loved him for his sociability and revered him for the strength of his convictions and his sterling, everyday, plain, old-fashioned honesty.

While there were those during the war of the rebellion, even in the North, who questioned the propriety of that war, there is not now, I opine, a thinking individual in this nation who will not say that Abraham Lincoln in his foresight and patriotism, was a worthy successor, in the Presidential line, of the "Father of His Country."

All now appreciate Mr. Lincoln's patriotic determination in engaging in a war which prevented the dissolution of this nation and gave us that which has grown to be the grandest republic the world has ever seen.

As a Democrat, it affords me great pleasure on this anniversary of the natal day of Abraham Lincoln to say, "All hail, savior of this great republic! Let North and South, East and West, join in proclaiming you in value of service to your country only second to George Washington."

GEORGE W. SMITH.

There has been much said about Mr. Lincoln, but nowhere is the man more fully revealed than in the words of his own address at the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield as one of the silent cities for the nation's heroic dead. I would like to see these words, in permanent and artistic form, hung on the walls of every schoolroom throughout our land, and, better still, I could wish that in the mind of every boy and girl in our country these words could be instilled as a beautiful delineation of a pure and lofty type of patriotism. Patriotism can never die while in the hearts of our people are cherished the names of Washington and Lincoln.

JOSEPH V. GRAFF.

It is a just pride which the people of the State of Illinois take in the fact that Abraham Lincoln grew to manhood and had his active career and development on the prairies of the State. Many of his biographers, in order to emphasize his marvelous growth morally and mentally from lowly surroundings to the Chief Magistracy, dwell upon the alleged fact that he was surrounded with Western frontier ignorance, immorality and lawlessness. There was amidst that early frontier life a morality more of substance than of form, an intelligence not derived from books, and a sense of justice not born of the intricacies of legal literature that no doubt had a large part in laying the foundation for the development of the great heart, conscience, and mental grasp which made up the finally splendid statesmanship of Lincoln. These early surroundings, instead of being given as a contrast and evidence of the wondrous change in him, should be given as one of the prime causes of his final equipment.

JOHN M. PALMER.

In December, 1839, while in Springfield, I saw Abraham Lincoln for the first time, but not under circumstances favorable to the formation of intimate personal or political relations between us. He came into the building occupied by the second branch of the Legislature, and made what was called in the language of the times a "Whig speech," in which he assailed the Democratic party with great severity. Mr. Lincoln surprised me by his ability and by his apparent logical frankness. He seemed to concede to his adversary almost everything he could claim, but I observed that he always found means to escape the effect even of his own concessions. His language was simple but exact. His statements were clear, and his arguments must have given great satisfaction to the party he represented. He asserted his propositions with firmness, and supported them in the most effective manner.

It has been said by a great military writer that "a purely defensive war is rarely successful," and so it is with great intellectual contests. Mr. Lincoln entered upon the contest of 1858 without the fullest confidence of even his own supporters. I remember the trepidation of the anti-slavery party occasioned by his celebrated declaration that "a house divided against itself cannot stand." It was expected by many of those who desired his success that he would fail in his contest with Douglas, and it was only after repeated essays that he had given of his power that he established himself in the full confidence of his supporters.

I think it is apparent in the early speeches of Mr. Lincoln that he felt the want of the full confidence of his party adherents, and I think it can be perceived that he grew bolder as he became conscious of his own power, and received a larger portion of the confidence of his friends.

TEMPORARY MORTUARY VAULT AT SPRINGFIELD



The Remains of Mr. Lincoln Will Rest Here While the Monument Is Being Rebuilt

AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT

It would seem that biography and history have done their best for Abraham Lincoln, for the present. He has been written up from almost every angle, and his personal relations to public events, since his nomination for the Presidency, have been weighed and adjusted. He has been entered in the list of immortals, and his historical place has been fixed. We do not willingly consent that such men shall cease to be living men who once were among men. We love to reclothe them, see their eyes glisten again, be sure that they breathe, and that great human hearts beat in their noble bosoms.

I once heard Mr. Lincoln utter a formal speech, and, on another occasion heard the living Lincoln sneeze. At this distance of time I am positively perplexed to determine which of the two experiences I prefer. The speech was in front of the White House in Washington one afternoon when about a brigade of new Western troops was marching up Pennsylvania avenue to their camps on Kalorama Heights. The President, who happened to be in front of his house, was seen by some one in the marching line. The troops halted as if without orders and, as if the men were at home and had caught sight of a favorite township candidate, demanded a "Speech, speech, speech." They persisted, and conquered. That incident was in September of 1861, about two months after the apparent success of rebellion on the field of the first Bull Run battle. My regiment was in that battle as a "three months" regiment and had been home to Michigan for reorganization as part of the "three years or for the war" forces. Having been in Washington before the regiment contained scores of officers and men who recognized Mr. Lincoln instantly that beautiful September afternoon.

The sneeze occurred rather early one morning in December, 1862, during a visit made by the President to the Army of the Potomac, then under command of General Burnside. About daylight that morning I received word that a noble member of my regiment had been wounded on the picket line, down by the river, immediately under Falmouth Heights, on which General Burnside had his headquarters. Returning about sunrise, and passing the headquarters, my horse suddenly dropped from a mild canter into a "double-foot" walk. The reveille had not been sounded. Allowing my eyes to roam over the surroundings, I mentally noted the almost entire absence of men, though I did see a sentry at the further end of his beat. An instant later, I noticed that rare sight—a man in citizen's attire—standing near the bridle path. The stranger looked at me benevolently, and, as if he were standing at his farm gate and I had been an early passerby he nodded his head cordially and began to say "Good morning!" He who greeted me faced the sun and right in the midst of the salutation, his nose twitched rebelliously and his diaphragm sympathized tumultuously—the whole performance resulting in one of the least disguised and altogether the most unresisted and irresistible sneezes it ever has been my fortune to witness. Yawning surely is contagious, but I have not heard that sneezing also is. At any rate, something tickled my nose and stirred my diaphragm to most painful ecstasy, and I instantly scored the next best sneeze on that tingling occasion. During these physical demonstrations I had quickly recognized the President, and any unresolved doubts were quickly silenced when my citizen friend jollily remarked, "That makes two of 'em." The following chuckle and low laugh are remembered by many men who doubtless have heard them on graver occasions.

I was later sent over to Burnside's quarters on an errand, and entered a tent in which Mr. Lincoln sat. Waiting in silence for a reply to the note I bore, I heard a voice saying gently, as if its owner did not wish to disturb the Lieutenant-Secretary who scribbled at a camp table, "Where have I seen you before?" Why the President asked appears a little later in these notes.

The battle of Fredericksburg, Va., covered the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th of December of 1862, prior to which General Burnside had outfitted and inspirited a splendid army. The country was sorely in need of a great victory about that time, and to see that noble host President Lincoln had come down from Washington at the time to which I am alluding. No one who witnessed the review which was ordered one lovely day, so that the commander-in-chief of our army and navy might see his forces then before Fredericksburg, will ever forget the magnificent scene. The local topography was admirably adapted to the purpose. A reviewing officer and his guests always may see all the forces, but it does not happen always that the locality permits the whole army to see itself. I recall distinctly that officers and men of that army of more than 100,000 men seemed to gain vast confidence and enthusiasm because they were permitted to see all the host in all its strength and glorious array.

Before the "march past," and while the army stood in "open order," General Burnside rode by the side of Mr. Lincoln and at the head of his splendid staff the entire length of the almost endless line which stood at "the salute." Mr. Lincoln was mounted on a dignified dark bay horse, which manifestly had been selected for its good moral character and probable treaty not to betray its eminent rider into equestrian difficulties or personal embarrassments. The horse kept his contract. If a man ever was made comfortable by an amiable beast of burden, Mr. Lincoln was comfortable on that day. The horse had an even trot, even if his strides were rather long. The jolts had an even rhythm, and the President bobbed up and down regularly and with a relative comfort that permitted Lincoln's benevolent face to confess its satisfaction and modified equestrian confidence. He grasped the bridle in both hands, holding his tall "plug hat" upside down by his finger tips, the not over smooth castor bobbing up and down with a gentle vertical undulation quite in harmony with the expression of his face. The attitude of the rider and the prominence of his hat in front of him suggested to this writer—Methodist that he then was, and now is—that "his Excellency doubtless contemplated taking up the usual collection." The remark was overheard by a staff officer, who must have repeated it, for we all saw the reviewing party laughing heartily. Slight as was the weight of the pleasantry in the midst of the far more impressive suggestions of the day, our Brigadier told me a day or two later that my "collection" joke sifted clear down through the lines, and therefore "was at least three miles long."

Looking over our civil war records, I see that it is stated that "in the winter of 1861-'62 there were 200,000 troops in and about Washington, besides other troops guarding the railway between Washington and Baltimore." It happens that my regiment was a part of "the other troops" doing the railway guard duty spoken of.

In February, 1862, my regiment, with other forces, was scattered about through south-central Maryland, about twenty or thirty miles northeast of Washington. One night our Colonel called me into his tent, at Annapolis Junction, our headquarters, and informed me that I must stay in camp closely during the next fortnight, for he had special confidential work for me. The 1,000 men of the regiment began to leave camp quietly in small squads that evening. I now think the men must have been divided into about forty detachments. One other regiment was similarly divided and sent out, and we who remained in camp had many conjectures and guesses. Our own Colonel was in command of the camp, and reports from the absent detachments began to come in soon after midnight. Early the next morning I was ordered to pocket a large envelope and carry it to the War department as promptly as possible. I remember also that I was told to "deliver the packet into no hands other than those of Secretary Stanton." This injunction was repeated and reëmphasized.

My train arrived in the city about 8:15 o'clock, and I wasted no time in finding the ante-room of the great War Secretary. Asking for Mr. Stanton, I in turn was asked by a clerk what I wanted. My errand was explained, whereupon the clerk said that he would take charge of the dispatch until the War Secretary came in. I then repeated my positive instructions, which induced the clerk to remark that greenhorn soldiers always begin service with unusual and useless, not to say ridiculous and obstructive, literalness. I amiably admitted all that, but remarked that I should obey my orders. While I was studying a map that hung on the wall I heard a firm but pleasant voice saying, right at my elbow, "What is it you have for Secretary Stanton?" My reply was the prompt deposit of the envelope in the hands of the Secretary in person, whom I recognized. Secretary and paper immediately disappeared into an adjoining room, whence came to me presently a summons to enter. Entering, I found Mr. Stanton reading the papers I had given him. He alluded to my literal gift of the papers to him alone, and himself placed the same restriction upon me for, he said, the next few days. The next morning the same clerk asked me for the envelope, which I retained until Mr. Stanton came into the office.

Of course, I told our Colonel about my visits and we together did a large sum total of guessing concerning the reasons why our regiment was scattered and why such regular mysterious reports were being sent to the War department. We soon gathered materials sufficient to perceive that the troops were searching for rebel sympathizers and spies, who had made their way into Maryland by crossing the Potomac River or Chesapeake Bay at night. I knew of several instances wherein half a dozen confederate officers were taken in a single house and sent to prison in Washington.

After I had made about three or four visits to the War department with my reports I noticed that I was almost sure to see Mr. Lincoln, either on his way to that department or entering Mr. Stanton's room soon after my arrival. I am now sure that he had special solicitude concerning the reports I carried. On one morning I found the President already in the Secretary's room. He sat by the stove, silent and unobtrusive, as if he also were a messenger. During a wait of about ten minutes Mr. Lincoln asked where my camp was, inquired if canvas made a comfortable house even in a Maryland winter, wished to know the name of the State from which my regiment came, and expressed the hope that the men were satisfied and did not suffer from sickness. In response to one question I remarked that some of the troops suffered from typhoid pneumonia and that we had about twenty cases in our own camp. I am sure that this simple talk accounted for the fact that surgeons soon appeared in our camp who looked into the matter and prescribed better camp conditions.

One cold morning, which may have been the fifth or sixth of my trips to Washington with my reports, I found at the last moment before starting that I had mislaid my waterproof garments, which I greatly needed because the rain was literally pouring down. I now remember that a sentry in the camp who saw me starting without protection against the rain called after me, saying "You will be soaked through and through in five minutes, for this is the wettest rain I ever have seen." The sentry was right. I dried out somewhat in the cars during the twenty-mile ride, but I was drenched again before I reached the Secretary's office in Washington. When I entered Mr. Lincoln, who sat in the room, asked if I had my usual envelope. I immediately placed it in his hand, Mr. Stanton having previously told me to do so if asked. While the President read his eye caught sight of a trickle of water which ran from my feet a little way towards him over the floor. Ceasing to read suddenly, he rose, came to my side, tested the humidity of my stained old coat, and instantly declared that I was committing suicide, that I would be seized with pneumonia, and that I must have dry clothes without delay. I deprecated the alarm said that I could get other clothes presently, and would reach camp in about an hour in any event. My deprecations were in vain.

Mr. Lincoln went into the next room, where I heard him talking with at least two clerks, one of whom came to me and invited me into the upper story of the War department building, where he had lodgings, probably to enable him to be ready for summons to night duty. My wet clothes were left to dry while I went out for my breakfast lunch, under strict Presidential orders not to take further risks of the kind. I am sure that many readers of these unpretentious jottings will not fail to note that a most human President was revealed in this kindly care of a young fellow for whom even pneumonia then had few terrors.

My train was late next morning. To make up some of the lost time I fairly flew up the dark, tortuous, steep iron stairs that led to Mr. Stanton's rooms on the second floor in the old War department. When at a turn where it was darkest, and when I was leaping about three steps at a time, my bent-over head "rammed" a tall man at about his lowest vest button. I know it was a vigorous collision, for he grunted, and anybody may be sure that the point of contact was tender, to say the least, for the party of the second part. I hastily begged pardon, and in the attempt to go around the descending victim I saw that I had nearly knocked the breath out of rather a prominent citizen of the republic, for that victim was Mr. Lincoln. I embarrassedly increased the pardons I besought clear up to a thousand, but, while the President covertly nursed the place a little with a circular motion of his hand, he said with his chuckle: "I wish the whole army would charge that way!" The duty of carrying these morning reports continued for about fifteen days, after which I was released.

For perhaps two months I had more or less errands to the War department, and thus saw Mr. Lincoln several times. I am sure that he recognized me, and am just as sure that the half-recognition prompted Mr. Lincoln's question about my identity one or two days after I witnessed the Lincoln sneeze, and met him in the office at General Burnside's headquarters.

My last sight of the placid face of the great President was in the rotunda of the old courthouse in this city, wherein the remains lay in state. Knowing that the crowd would be larger than ever the next day, I went at midnight to see the silent sleeper. The guard admitted me, and when I reached the bier I found General David Hunter, who was one of the guards of honor, standing by the side of the catafalque. No other persons were near or within hearing. Presently I greeted the General, telling him how I recognized him. After a moment he asked if I had seen Mr. Lincoln's face since he died. Replying in the negative, General Hunter uncovered the face. It still seems to me that I then saw two faces. One was pathetically sad in the extreme. The other was placid, as if some angel had told him that he had fought his good fight, and as if the angel also had tenderly smoothed the liberator's features and gently assured him that he never, never again would need to wake, either to toil or to weep. I took occasion to say to General Hunter that he himself had perceived the real war issue and that the proclamation of emancipation he had made to the negroes of the Carolinas and which Mr. Lincoln had overruled was but the herald voice of freedom which Mr. Lincoln sent forth just a little later.

While I have read almost all that has been written about Mr. Lincoln I am sure that the simple incidents I herein indite gave me clear impressions concerning the great heart that beat within the breast of this great man.

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